

THE
POOR SOLDIER,
A
COMIC OPERA.
IN TWO ACTS.

WITH ALL THE
ORIGINAL SONGS.

WRITTEN BY
JOHN O'KEEFE, Esq;

AUTHOR of the
SON-IN-LAW, AGREEABLE SURPRISE, CASTLE
OF ANDALUSIA,

And other Dramatic Pieces.

AS ACTED AT THE
Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden.

A NEW EDITION,
IMPROVED, and carefully CORRECTED.

D U B L I N :

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

LONDON. DUBLIN.

PAT, the Poor Soldier,	<i>Mr. Kennedy,</i>	<i>Mr. Wood.</i>
Captain FITZROY,	<i>Mr. Bannister,</i>	<i>Mr. Cubitt.</i>
BAGATELLE,	<i>Mr. Wewitzer,</i>	<i>Mr. G. Dawson.</i>
DERMOT,	<i>Mr. Johnston,</i>	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
DARBY,	<i>Mr. Edwin,</i>	<i>Mr. Ryder.</i>
Father LUKE,	<i>Mr. Wilson,</i>	<i>Mr. O'Reilly.</i>

W O M E N.

NORAH,	<i>Mrs. Bannister,</i>	<i>Miss Jarrett.</i>
KATHLEEN,	<i>Mrs. Martyr,</i>	<i>Mrs. Hitchcock.</i>

The Poor Soldier.

ACT I.

SCENE, A Country Village.

View of Kathleen's House.

DERMOT and DARBY.

Der. **F**OR shame, Darby—Stay where you are—I hate to have any one by when I'm talking to my sweetheart.

Darby. Now I always like to be by when I'm talking to my sweetheart.

Der. Oh, that I was so unfortunate as to think her a pretty girl!

Dar. Upon my soul now, she is grown very un-civil, for she turns up her nose at me.

Der. I know one she will have—the old soldier.

Dar. Is some old Frenchman to take the girl from poor Darby! (*Weeps.*)—I never dream but of poor Kathleen—But here we are under the window—Father Luke threatened poor Pat, that if he came to his ward, Norah, he would put him into the bishop's court, and therefore, Pat, full of grief and vexation, went for a foldier.

Der. Holey! Kathleen—the little dreams that her Dermot's under the window.

A 2

Ala

AIR I.

[Tune, Ulcian and Ha Oh !]

Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
 May peace possess thy breast ;
 Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
 Depriv'd of peace and rest ?

II.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
 Those joys are none to me ;
 Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes,
 To none, but love and thee !

[Exit.

Dar. That singing would not wake an owl out of
 her sleep.—I'll try.

Tune, Master Willy Blakeny.

Dear Kathleen, you, no doubt,
 Find sleep how very sweet 'tis ;
 Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
 You never dream how late 'tis.
 This morning gay,
 I post away,
 To have with you a bit of play.
 On two legs rid,
 Along to bid
 Good morrow to your night cap.

II.

Last night a little bowzy,
 With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Blowsey,
 To let me sit beside her.
 Her anger rose,
 And four as sloes,
 The little gypsy cock'd her nose :
 Yet here I've rid,
 Along to bid
 God morrow to your night cap.

(Kathleen



(*Kathleen appears at the Window.*)

Kat. Who is that?—Dermot?

Dar. Yes I am—Darby. (*Aside.*)

Kat. Stay I'll come down.

Dar. Oh, I knew I should bring her down—I am a fine marksman.

Enter KATHLEEN.

Kath. So you must come singing at my window, but I tell you once for all, I won't have you—as I hope for man I won't.

Dar. That's a good joke!—hope for man, and not have me.

Kat. I'll tell you.

AIR III.

Since love is the plan,
I'll love if I can,

But first let me tell you what sort of a man :

In address how compleat,

And in dress, spruce and neat,

No matter how tall, so he's over five feet :

Not dull, nor too witty,

His eyes I'll think pretty,

If sparkling with pleasure wherever we meet.

II.

Tho' gentle he be,

His man he shall see,

Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.

In a song bear a bob,

In a glass a hob nob,

Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.

This is my fancy,

If such a man can see,

I'm his if he's mine ; until then I am free.

Dar. Have I not every thing comfortable about me ?—A snug farm, heifers, and sheep, and a pad to ride on to chapel on Sunday, and a potatoe garden to walk in on a week day—only look at me—I am as right a fellow as you have ever seen.

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Kath. Don't think of talking to me.—Do you know that I am an heiress?

Dar. You are a tight little heifer.—I believe your father, old Jorum, who kept the alehouse, left you well enough in the world, 'as a body may say.

Kath. Left me well enough indeed!—Did he not leave me a great sum of money, a matter of 11l. half a barrel of ale untapped, half a dozen plates, a three-legged stool, and a bald filly to ride on?

Dar. Now she is got upon her bald filly, the devil himself would not take her down. [*Aside.*]

Kath. Now I am an heiress, a husband I'll have, this night, if I can.

DARBY and KATHLEEN.—Duett.

[Tune, Doots and Phiggeen.]

K. Out of my sight, or I'll box your ears.

D. I'll fit you for your jibes and jeers.

K. I'll cock my cap at a smart young man.

D. Another I'll wed this day, if I can.

K. ——— In courtship funny,

D. ——— One sweet as honey!

K. ——— You drone.

D. No Kate, I'm your humble bee,

K. Go dance your dogs with a fiddle dee dee.

For a sprightly lad is the man for me.

D. You'll ne'er meet such a kind soul as me.

II.

K. Like sweet milk turn'd, to me now seems love.

D. The fragrant rose does a nettle prove.

K. Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet milk I chuse.

D. And with a flow'r I sting my nose.

In courtship, &c.

[*Exitunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Country House and Wood.**Enter Captain FITZROY.*

Capt. Here's the house that contains my charming
Norah, I shall soon rouse them, I warrant.

AIR V.

The twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
Arise to partake of the chase;
And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
And a smile to the smiles of her face.
For the sport I delight in, the bright queen of love
With myrtles my brows shall adorn;
While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the
grove,
Excell'd by the sound of the horn.
The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,
Yet sweeter the notes of sweet echo's reply:
Hark forward, my honies, the game is in view,
But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

II.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
His sentence he hears in the gale;
Yet flies, till, entangled in fears and in doubt,
His courage and constancy fail.
Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
Despair taking place of his fear;
With antlers erected, 'a while stands at bay,
Then surrenders his life with a tear.
The dogs are uncoupled, &c.

Enter NORAH. AIR VI.

The meadows look chearful, the birds sweetly sing,
So gaily they carol the praises of spring;
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

II.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms;
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms;
Tho' sattins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

Norah. As I live that's the gentleman my guardian
is always teasing me about.

Capt. My charming Norah, let us haste from this
place,—and our cares shall be few.

Norah. I cannot stay.

Capt. Perhaps my Norah will take a walk with
me.—See the garden is yonder—The fine morning
with you is charming, but appears to me nothing
without you.

I.

For you, dearest maiden, the pride of the village,
The town and its pleasures I freely resign;
Delights spring from labour, and science from tillage,
Where love, peace, and innocence sweetly combine:
Soft tender affection, what bliss in possessing!
How blest when 'tis love that insures us a blessing!
Care's'd; ah, what rapture in mutual care'ssing,
What joy can I wish for, was Norah but mine!

II.

The feasts of gay fashion with splendor invite us,
Where luxury, pride, and her follies attend;
The banquet of reason alone should delight us,
How sweet the enjoyment when shar'd with a friend!
Be thou that dear friend, then, my comfort, my pleasure,
A look is my sun-shine, a smile is my treasure.
Thy lips, if consenting, give joy beyond measure,
A rapture so perfect, what joy can transcend!

Norah. Pray, Sir, permit me to withdraw, as our
villagers are very censorious, and our being seen to-
gether will neither add to your honour, or my repu-
tation.

[Exit Norah.]

Enter

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Enter BAGATELLE.

Bag. Monsieur—Monsieur !

Capt. What do you want ?

Bag. I came to tell you—bless my soul, I run so fast—I came to tell you—I am out of breath—it is all blown.

Capt. What's blown ?—My love affair I suppose.

[*Aside.*

Bag. De Mareschall Powder is all blown out of de window.

Capt. Then you must send to town for more.

[*Exit.*

BAGATELLE *solus.*

Bagat. I think I do very well, in the very village where I was born the people take me for a Frenchman, though I do not know one word of French.—Here lives my old sweetheart Norah ! O my dear Norah !

[*Enters the house.*

Enter PAT.

Pat. Once more returned to my native village after two long years absence.—Up to the heart in love, and not a six-pence in my pocket.

Enter DARBY.

Dar. Odds zounds—I am glad to see you.—What my soldier returned ?—How are you, my old friend ?

(*Shakes him by the hand.*)

Pat. I thank you, I am bravely.—How fares it ?

Dar. Purely—except one thing—a cow strayed from me last week.

Pat. How does my dear Norah ?

Dar. She is very well.—How came you to list for a soldier ?

Pat.

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Pat. When her uncle would not give his approbation to my marriage with Norah, and I could not have her without his consent, I lifted for a soldier.

Dar. Well, and how do you like being a soldier?

Pat. A soldier is the finest life in the world.

Dar. Then how happy you live.

[*PAT sings.*]

PATRICK—AIR VII.

[Tune, Little House under the Hill.]

How happy the Soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half a crown out of six-pence a day!
Yet fears neither justices, warrants, or bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.
With a row de-dow, &c.

II.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
The King finds him quarters, and money and clothes:
He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drums.
With a row-de dow, &c.

III.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight;
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight.
No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so sum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

Dar. We will have all the neighbours here to day.
A soldier's is a happy life.

Pat. Will you be a soldier?—then come with me,
and I will introduce you to the serjeant.

Dar. Ecod, with all my heart, I think I should
look very well in regimentals.

Pat.

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Pat. Let me see how this hat will become you.
(*Puts it on his head.*)

Dar. What cut is that on your forehead?

Pat. Only a wound I got in battle in endeavouring to save my captain's life—I was left for dead in the field of battle, bleeding in my country's cause—there was glory for you.

Dar. So they found you bleeding in your glory—here take your hat—I don't think regimentals would become me at all.

Pat. Why, what's the matter?

Dar. Nothing, only it's so conceited for a man to wear a black patch. Good bye, *Pat.*

Pat. Where are you going? This is the way to the serjeant's.

Dar. No, no, this is the way to my serjeant's—the devil row-de-dow me if you get me to be a soldier.

[*Exit.*]

PAT solus.

Now for my charming *Norah!* and then for a pitcher of friendship with all my acquaintances.

[*Sings.*]

AIR VIII.

The wealthy fool with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but health, I ask no more,
My little girl, my friend and pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
(I know not what can thus bewitch her)
With all my heart: can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher?

My friend, &c.

END of ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE, *Inside of Father Luke's House.*BAGATELLE (*goes to Norah's door.*)**M**ADEMOISELLE Norah, open de door if you please.*Norah.* (*from within*) Begone about your business.*Bag.* My dear Norah, give me une petite kifs.*Pat.* (*without.*) Where is my sweet girl, my Norah?*Bag.* O be gar, here be somebody coming, what shall me do! Begar me go hide myself in dis closet. (*Runs to hide.*)*Enter PAT.**Nor.* (*from within.*) Begone about your business; desire you will leave the house directly.*Pat.* What is this I hear; sure I know that voice — A pretty compliment after two years absence!*Enter NORAH.**Nor.* Is it you, my dearest Pat?*Pat.* Sweet Norah, if I was ever dear to you.*Nor.* If I was ever dear to you, how could you leave me then?—but judge of me by these tears.*Pat.* My charming girl, what tears are these?*Nor.* They are tears of joy at your return.*Bag.* Ah pauvre Bagatelle!

[Exit.

Pat.

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Pat. I think I hear a noise.

Nor. If it should be my uncle, what will become of me? for he's more averse to our union than ever.

Pat. I'll slip into the closet.

[*Pat goes to the closet. Bagatelle comes out.*]

Bag. How you do, Sir? me hope you very well.

Pat. (*to Norah.*) Are these your sighs for my absence, and tears of joy at my return, to be lock'd up with a rascally hair-dresser.

Bag. Rascal—hair dresser,—You shall give me satisfaction—You shall meet me with——

Pat. What, with your curling irons—away with you, or I will beat you while I can hold a splinter of Shillelah, or do you chuse to walk out of the window?

Bag. Sir, to oblige you, I will walk out of the window—but I had much rather walk down stairs.

Pat. Begone.—[*Exit Bagatelle.*] Ah! my dear Norah, could I think you would be so unkind to me?

Nor. Could you think me false?

Pat. If I did, my heart is my own, however.

D U E T.

P A T R I C K and N O R A H.

PAT. A rose tree in full bearing,
Had sweet flowers fair to see;
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Tho' eager then to win it,
Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay;
I find a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

B

NOR.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

NOR. How fine this morning early,
 All sunshiny, clear and bright!
 So late I lov'd you dearly,
 Tho' lost now each fond delight.
 The clouds seem big with showers,
 Sunny beams no more are seen;
 Farewell ye fleeting hours,
 Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

How fine, &c.

SCENE II. A Wood.

Enter DARBY, followed by BAGATELLE.

Bag. Monsieur Darby — Monsieur Darby?

(without.)

Dar. I believe that's Monsieur Bag and Tail.

Bag. I am glad I find you, Darby,—I was hunting you all over the village, and could not find you.

Dar. That's because I am so wrapt up in love.

Bag. You must know I am going to kill Pat the soldier, and you must be my friend.

Dar. Had not you better kill Dermot, and then I'd be your friend?

Bag. Oh, but Pat the soldier has affront me—you shall be my second.

Dar. Your second!—could not you make me your third or fourth?

Bag.

Bag. (*Shewing a letter.*) By gar, this be de lettre de moi.

Dar. Oh, what, you'll leather him more!

Bag. C'est une autre chose.

Dar. What, I must get two other shoes!

Bag. C'est un barbare.

Dar. What, because you're a barber!

Bag. Oh!—this is de lettre Lord Lofty's coachman did write for me—You read, Darby.

Dar. Let me see—"This comes hopping"—Oh, I'll run all the way if that's all—"This comes hopping you're in good health, as I am at this present writing:—Tho' you think yourself a great officer, you shall not make me walk out of the window. I will have Norah in spite of you. Meet me at the Elm Groves at seven o'clock to give me satisfaction; but not with curling irons. I am your's, as in duty bound."

Bag. You see I will not sign my name, because I do avoid the law. You must carry it for me.

Dar. I'll take care Pat shall have it.

Bag. Well, now I have settled this affair d'honneur, I will go—brush my master's coat.

[Exit Bag.]

DARBY *solus.*

Since Pat is turned foldier, I will not give it him, for as he wanted Monsieur Bag and Tail to walk out of de window, he may perhaps want me to walk up the chimney—the boy at the public house shall give it him.—Oh! my Kathleen, you have made me fall in love, it would have been well for me if I had fallen into the river.

S O N G.

[Tune, *There was a School Mistress in Limerick.*]

Tho' late I was snug, plump, and jolly,
I now am as thin as a rod ;

Oh ! I'm afraid this same melancholy,
Will soon leave me under the sod.

Dootherum, doodle-adgity, nadgety, tragedy, rum,
Goofeterum, foodle-igity, fidgety, nidgety, mum.

Oh ! Kathleen, why would you flout me,
A boy that is cozey and warm ;
Has every thing decent about me,
My snug little cabbin and farm.

Dootherum, &c.

What tho' I have not sav'd much money,
No duns in my chamber attend ;
A Sunday I ride on my pony,
And still have a bit for a friend.

Dootherum, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove ;
Oh ! how all this courtship confounds me,
For want of the girl that I love !

Dootherum, &c.

Enter PAT and NORAH.

Pat. I find more danger in encountering the eyes of
my charming girl, than in a battle ; and can you
prefer your poor soldier to all mankind ?

Nor

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Nor. You are only a common soldier in the army,
but to me you are a field officer in my heart.

NORAH *Sings.*

AIR XI.

Farewell, ye groves, and chrystal fountains,
The gladsome plains, and silent dell;
Ye humble vales, and lofty mountains,
And welcome now a lonely cell.
And ah, farewell, fond youth, most dear!
Thy tender plaint, the vow sincere,
We'll meet and share the parting tear,
And take a long and last farewell.

PATRICK.—AIR XII.

Tho' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bow'rs,
Its clear falling waters, and murm'ring cascades;
Its groves of sweet myrtle, its beds of sweet flow'rs,
Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids.
As each his own village must still make the most of,
In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong;
Dear Carton, containing what kingdoms may boast of,
'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

II.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,
Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare;
Or dance at the ball, with their Sunday new suits on,
Lac'd waistcoats, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair.

Poor Par, while so blest in his mean humble station,
For gold, or for acres, he never shall long;
One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Enter the CAPTAIN.

Capt. What ! do I see my las in company with a common soldier ?

Nor. You will be sure to come at the time you promised.

Pat. I will——most happy am I !

[Exit *Norah.*

Capt. Good morrow, brother soldier—A good handsome girl that ?

Pat. She is thought so, Sir.

Capt. You seem to be well with her.

Pat. Yes, sir, but I fear I shall soon lose her.

Capt. You have a rival then, I suppose.

Pat. I have, Sir.

Capt. Now for a picture of myself. [*Aside.*] Some rich rascal, I suppose ?

Pat. I envy him not his riches—and as to your other epithet, I am sure he does not deserve it.

Capt. How so ?

Pat. Because he is an officer, and therefore a man of honour.

Capt. It is a pity *you* was not an officer ! You have been in the service ?

Pat. Yes, I have seen some service. I was wounded at the battle of Johnson's Ford, in America, in saving my captain's life.

Capt. (As I live, the very man who saved my life in that engagement.) [*aside.*] I hope that you got your reward ?

Pat. I looked for none ; I did no more than my duty in fighting for my country, and in defending my captain.

Capt. Where are you going ?

Pat. I am going from her I love ; because fortune prevents our union.

Capt.

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Capt. Take my advice,—go and see her once more.

Pat. Sir, you seem a good-natur'd gentleman, I will venture to see her again, since you advise me.

[Exit *Pat.*]

CAPTAIN *Solus.*

Capt. What a noble spirit! Let the embroider'd epaulet distinguish the officer: Let him take a lesson from this man. There is more merit to be found, perhaps, under this worsted lace, than under gold or silver tassels.

Enter *Boy*, with a Letter.

Boy. Are you the man in the red coat?

Capt. Yes, my boy, I believe I am the man in the red coat; what's your business with me?

Boy. Darby desir'd me to give you this.

Capt. Who?

Boy. Darby.

[Exit.

Capt. Let's see? reads. "This comes, hopping
"you are in good health as I am at present. You
"think yourself a great officer; but you shall not
"make me walk out of the window again. I will
"have Norah in spite of you. Meet me at the Elm
"Groves, at seven o'clock, to give me satisfaction;
"but not with curling irons. I am your's, as in
"duty bound."

Capt. This Norah seems to have a number of admirers. And so, my little hero—heyday, the herald is off—Seven o'clock—Smyth, go and see what sort of stuff this challenger is made of.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Outside of Dermot's House.*

Enter Father LUKE and DERMOT.

F. Luke. Well, now, Dermot, I'm come to your house with you—what is this business?

Perm. I tell you, Sir.

F. Luke. Aye do; speak freely—unburden your conscience the same as if——Have you tapp'd that barrel of ale yet?

Der. Indeed I have, and you shall taste it.

[Exit into the House.]

F. LUKE *solus.*

F. Luke. Aye, he wanted to come round me now about my ward Kathleen; a wheedling son of a——

Enter Dermot *from the House, with a Jug of Ale.*

F. Luke. My dear child, what's that?

Der. Your favourite brown jug, sir.

F. Luke. (*after drinking.*) Now, child, why will you do these things?

Der. I'll prime him well before I speak about Kathleen; 'tis a hard heart that a drop o' drink won't soften.

F. Luke. This jug and I have been old acquaintance, Dermot.

Der. You may say that, Sir.—

DERMOT—AIR XIV.

Dear Sir, this brown jug, that now foams with mild
ale,

Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the vale,

Was

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Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

II.

It chanc'd in dog-days, as he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-woven arbour, so gay as you please.
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

III.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time, into clay, had dissolv'd it again ;
A Potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale ;
So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

[Exit.

Enter DARBY.

Dar. How do you do, Father Luke ?

F. Luke. Go away, Darby, you're a rogue.

Dar. Will you consent that I shall marry Kathleen ?

F. Luke. Is it you ? you reprobate !

Dar. Do, and I'll give your reverence a sheep.

F. Luke. Oh, well, I always thought you were a boy that wou'd come to some good—a sheep !—you shall have Kathleen—but you have been very wicked.

Dar. Not I, Sir.

F. Luke. What, an't I your priest, and know what wickedness is ? but repent it and marry.

Dar. I will marry and repent it.

Father

Father LUKE *sings.*

AIR XV.

You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine ;
But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign ;
So leave off your raking, and marry a wife ;
And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life.
Sing Ballynamony, Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

II.

The bans being publish'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and bridegroom in coats white as snow ;
So modest her air, and so sheepish you look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
Sing, &c.

III.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
She blushes at love, and she whispers, obey.
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing, &c.

The snug little guinea for me.

Enter KATHLEEN.

Kath. Is Dermot within Sir ?

F. Luke. Don't think of him, child. ——— To her man, now, and put your best leg foremost. (*apart to Darby.*)

Dar. I don't know which is my best leg.

F. Luke. Arrah go.

Dar.

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Dar. (*kisses her.*) Oh how sweet her lips are! speak for me, Father Luke.

F. Luke. Hem! Kathleen, child! ——— (*apart to Darby.*) Is the sheep fat?

Dar. As fat as bacon, Sir.

F. Luke. Child! this boy will make you a good husband—now won't you, Darby?

Dar. Oh, the devil a better.

Kath. Indeed, Sir, I'll have no husband but Dermot. (*sings.*)

AIR XVI.—Tune—Foodle, Foddle.

Dermot prattles pretty chat,
Darby gapes like any oven,
Dermot's neat from shoe to hat,
Darby's but a dirty sloven.
Lout, Looby,
Silly Booby,
Come no more to me a courting.
Oh, was my dear,
My Dermot here,
With all his love and gay sporting.

II.

Dermot's teeth are white as egg,
Lips as sweet as sugar candy;
Then he has such a handsome leg,
Darby's is knocker-kneed and bandy.
Lout, Looby, &c.

III.

Dermot walks a comely pace,
Darby, like an ass, goes stumping;
Dermot dances with such grace,
Darby's dancing's only jumping.
Lout, Looby, &c.

F. Luke. I tell you, child, Dermot is an ugly man and a bad christian.

Enter

24 The POOR SOLDIER.

Enter DERMOT.

Dar. Dermot, you are a bad man and an ugly Christian.

F. Luke. Here, you Dermot.—Take your jug again; you empty fellow! I am going to marry Kathleen, and you must give her away, Sir.

Der. Faith, I must have her first; and I came now for your consent.

F. Luke. Eh!—what!—you marry her!—No such thing—put it out of your head, and don't make a Judy of yourself.

Der. Oh, if that's the case, the two fat sheep I intended to make you a present of, I'll drive to the fair to-morrow, and get drunk with the money.

F. Luke. Hay!—Two sheep!—come back here, Dermot; 'tis a great sin to get drunk, Sir—Darby, if you have nothing to do, get about your business.

[going.

Dar. Sir!

F. Luke. Dermot, child!—Is it not this evening that I am to marry you to Kathleen?

Dar. No, Sir; 'tis me you are to marry to her.

F. Luke. You! you ordinary fellow!

Dar. Yes—and I am to give you—

F. Luke. (to Dermot.) Two sheep, is it!

Der. Yes, Sir; two fine sheep.

F. Luke. Darby, you don't marry Kathleen.

Dar. No! arrah, why so?

F. Luke. Bekeys 'tis two to one against you—so get away, Darby.

Kath. and *Der.* Aye, aye, get away, Darby.

F. Luke. Children, I expect Captain Fitzroy at my house about my niece Norah, and I'll couple you all as soon as I get my thumb upon matrimony.

A Quartetto.

Quartetto sung.

AIR XVII.—[Tune, *Pease upon a Trencher.*

KATHLEEN. You the point may carry,
If awhile you tarry ;
But for you,
I'll tell you true,
No, you I'll never marry.

Chorus.—You the point, &c.

DERMOT. Care our souls disowning,
Punch our sorrows drowning ;
Laugh and love,
And ever prove,
Joys our wishes crowning.

Chorus.—Care our souls, &c.

DARBY. To the church I'll hand her,
Then thro' the world I'll wander ;
I'll sob and sigh,
Until I die,
A poor forsaken gander.

Chorus.—To the Church, &c.

FATHER LUKE. Each pious priest, since Moses,
One mighty truth discloses ;
You're never vexed,
If this the text,
Go fuddle all your noses.

Chorus.—Each pious, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

C

SCENE

26 The POOR SOLDIER.

SCENE V, *An Elm Grove.*

Enter the CAPTAIN *solus.*

Capt. I wonder who this challenger can be ; who comes here ? I will step aside and watch.

[Retires.]

Enter DARBY and BAGATELLE.

Dar. Ah ! Bag and Tail if I fall will you take my corpse (not a very ugly one) to Dermot's wedding.— I will stand behind you thus. (*Putting Bagatelle in a parallel line before him*) I might as well stand behind a pitch fork.—I had rather stand behind a Dutch weaver than a French church-warden.

Bag. Zounds ! here is my master !

Capt. Did you send a challenge to me, you rascal ? (*Beats him.*)

Bag. It was Lord Lofty's coachman wrote it.

Dar. I went to Father Luke's house—and there I got the letter—and so I went to Father Luke's house, and the letter was given to me—now I have it—and this is all I know about it. I did not go to school for nothing.

Capt. Get you gone. [*Exit Bagatelle.*] You had better stick to your spade than meddle with sword and pistol.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Dar. Hollo ! Captain !

Re-enter CAPTAIN.

Dar. Now, Sir, I would wish to know whether you think me or Dermot the prettiest boy for it.

Capt. Puppy !

[*Exit.*]

Dar. Puppy !—You a Captain indeed !—Hollo, corporal !

Darby

Darby turns round and beckons.

Dar. I find I must go up to town to learn to speak to this captain.

DARBY sings.

DARBY.—AIR XVIII.

[Tune, I'll have a Wife of my own.]

Since Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,
Poor Darby! ah, what can you do?
No longer I'll stay here a clown,
But sell off, and gallop to town;
I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,
The barber shall frizzle my hair.

II.

In town I shall cut a great dash;
But how for to compass the cash!
At gaming, perhaps, I may win;
With cards I may take the flats in,
Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd:
If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

III.

But first for to get a great name,
A duel establish my fame;
To my man then a challenge I'll write;
But first, I'll be sure he won't fight.
We'll swear not to part till we fall,
Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *Father Luke's House.*

Enter FATHER LUKE and NORAH.

F. Luke. If you do not consent to marry Captain Fitzroy, the man of my choice, I will send you to France, and put you in a convent.

Nor. I am well content. I never will marry the man that I do not approve of.

F. Luke. You are content! You put me in a passion,—and then you are content! Go, get you gone into that room, and there stay until you go to France, Mrs. Knapfack. [*Locks her up.*]

Enter CAPTAIN.

Capt. Who is this that you are going to send to France?

F. Luke. My ward, Sir, who won't consent to marry you. She is robunxious.

Capt. Will you resign her to me, Sir?

F. Luke. With that key I deliver up my authority; and now if I find Mr. Patrick, her lover, I will send him to the county jail for a vagabond.—A jade! to lose the opportunity of making herself a lady. [*Exit.*]

Enter P A T.

Capt. Here comes the soldier.

Pat. I came as I promised.

Capt. Was you ever brought to the halberts?—How came you absent from your regiment?—Have you a furlough?

Pat. No, Sir, not about me.

Capt. I have the honour to bear his majesty's commission; and I will have you taken up for a deserter, for the good of the service. I have a person here ready to take you into custody.

Pat.

Pat. What a cruel piece of treachery!

Capt. [*Goes into Norah's room, and having brought her out, says*] Dear Norah, since you have refused my hand, will you permit me to reward your constancy, by putting you into the hands of your lover?

Nor. I'm all amazement, my Patrick!

Pat. Let us kneel and thank our deliverer.

Capt. To keep you no longer in suspense, know then that I am that officer whose life you saved at Johnson's Ferry at Carolina, in America; I have a commission to bestow, (*Produces a commission.*) which I now desire, gallant youth, you will take from me as a reward for your honour, bravery and generosity.—I wanted to find you out.—Here, heaven blest you both. (*Joining Pat and Norah's Hands.*)

Pat. I could scarcely think you would remember your poor Soldier—but my gratitude is too great for utterance.

Enter Father LUKE, DARBY, DERMOT, and
KATHLEEN.

F. Luke. Oh! here he is, Darby, lay hold of him.

Dar. Not I—I am no constable.

F. Luke. Then the serjeant shall lay hold of him.

Dar. O, don't you see the white serjeant has hold of him already?

F. Luke. What brings you with that fellow!

Capt. Come, Sir, don't abuse the man you'll shortly make your nephew.

F. Luke. Me bring a foot soldier into my family!

Capt. He's no longer so, Sir, I having a commission to dispose of, have given it to him.

F. Luke. An officer! Oh! that alters the case entirely.

Dar. Pat an officer!—Upon my soul, I'll list to-morrow morning in spite of the black patch.

Kath. Dear Norah, I wish you joy.

Dar.

30 The POOR SOLDIER.

Dar. Hold your tongue, and don't make so free
with a captain's lady.

F. Luke. But captain, why do you give up my
niece?

Capt. Because Sir, I have found such superior merit
in this POOR SOLDIER.

F I N A L E.

AIR XIX.

[Tune, Planxty Connor.]

FITZROY.

What true felicity I shall find,
When those are join'd;
By fortune kind.
How pleasing to me,
So happy to see,
Such merit and virtue rewarded.

NORAH.

No future sorrows can grieve us,
If you will please to forgive us;
To each kind friend,
Thus lowly we'll bend,
Your pardon---with joy, we're delighted,
Chorus---No future sorrows, &c.

PATRICK.

With my commission, yet dearest life,
My charming wife,
When drum and fife,

Shall

The POOR SOLDIER. 31

Shall beat up to arms,
To plunder your charms ;
In love, your poor soldier you'll find me !

KATHLEEN.

Thus Love my wishes has granted,
I get the dear lad that I wanted ;
Lefs pleas'd with a duke,
When good Father Luke,
To my own little Dermot has join'd me.
Chorus.—This love, &c.

DARBY.

You impudent hussy, a pretty rake !
Of love you prate ;
But hark ye, Kate,
Your dear little lad,
Will find that his pad
Has got a nice—kick in her gallop.

Father LUKE.

Now Darby, upon my salvation,
You inerit excommunication ;
In love but agree,
And shortly you'll see,
In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.
Chorus.—Now Darby, &c.

DERMOT.

The devil a bit one cares a bean,
For neat and clean ;
We'll both be seen,
Myself and my las,
Next Monday, at mafs,
And there we'll be coupled for ever.

PATRICK.

The POOR SOLDIER.

PATRICK.

The laurel I've won in the field, Sirs,
 Yet now, in a garden, I yield, Sirs;
 Nor think it a shame,
 Your mercy to claim,
 Your mercy's my sword and my shield, Sirs.

The laurel and bays,
 Revive by your praise;
 The poet solicits your pardon;
 Then be not severe,
 With smiles you can cheer,
 The posies of your Covent-Garden.

CHORUS.

The laurel and bays,
 Revive by your praise, &c.



F I N I S.

239. e. 41
THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

Mr. Nathanael Lee.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING,

SOPHONISBA.
NERO.
GLORIANA.

RIVAL QUEENS.
The MASSACRE
of PARIS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, over-
against *St. Clement's Church* in the Strand.

M. DCC. XXXVI.

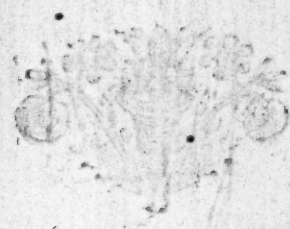
DRAMATIC WORKS

Mr. W. W. W. W.

VOLUME III

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF THE
REPUBLIC OF THE
COLUMBIAN



LONDON

M. H. H. H.



G. Vander Gucht Inv. & Sculp.

SOPHONISBA:

O R,

Hannibal's Overthrow.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by NATHANIEL LEE, Gent.

Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus.

Petron.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, over-
against *St. Clement's Church* in the Strand.

M. DCC. XXXVI.

JOHN HOBBS

O. R.

Hannibal's Overthrow.

TRAGEDY.

THE ATRIUM



Written by NATHANIEL P. GALT.

President of the University of Cambridge.

Printed for W. PEARCE, at Raven's Head, over
against St. Clement's Church in the Strand.



To Her GRACE the
Duchess of Portsmouth.

MADAM,



IF *Sophonisba* received some Applause upon the Stage, I arrogate nothing from the Merit of the Poem, but, as I ought, with the humblest Acknowledgments and profoundest Gratitude, impute it to the favourable Aspects of the Court-Stars. But above all, I must pay my Adorations to Your Grace, who, as You are the most beautiful, as well in the bright Appearances of Body, as in the immortal Splendours of an elevated Soul, did shed mightier Influence, and darted on me a Largeness of Glory answerable to your Stock of Beams.. *Hannibal* himself, whose hardy Spirit never bow'd but to the fair imperious *Rosalinda*; nay, he who, in spight of Beauty's Charms, durst gaze upon
A 3 that

6 DEDICATION.

that Sun with Eagle-Eyes, and tax her with a Blemish, now making his Approaches to Your Grace, seems awed with the Source of so many Rays, and dazzled with a Presence so illustrious. He sees, with new Bleedings, Eyes more attractive than those of *Rosalinda*; something more delicate in Your Shape, and lofty in Your Mien; an Air so charming sweet, that 'tis miraculous it shou'd be majestick too; Smiles of more delightful Shine than *April* Suns; such Softnesses and Languishing as the Almighty Poet's Hand cannot describe, nor Painter's Pencil ever draw. For my own part, I am resolved to look up to You daily, and dedicate my Life and Labours to Your Grace, to spend all the Store of my yet unexhausted Fancy in Your unbounded Fame: For I declare, to be wreath'd in Laurel from Head to Foot, is not comparable Honour to that of being,

Madam,

Your Grace's most Humble

and devoted Servant,

NAT. LEE.

PRO-



PROLOGUE

To the University of *Oxford*.

Written by J. DRYDEN *Esq;*

THESPIS, the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes sung Ballads in a Cart.
 To prove this true, if Latin be no Trespass,
Dicitur & Plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis.
But Æschylus, says Horace in some Page,
Was the first Mountebank e'er trod the Stage.
Yet Athens never knew your learned Sport,
Of tossing Poets in a Tennis-Court:
But 'tis the Talent of our English Nation,
Still to be plotting some new Reformation;
And some Years hence, if Anarchy go on,
Jack Presbyter will here erect his Throne,
Knock out a Tub with preaching once a Day,
And every Prayer be longer than a Play:
Then all you Heathen Wits shall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popish Plot:
Nor shall we want the Sentence to depart,
Ev'n in our first original, a Cart.
Occham, Dun Scotus, must, tho' learn'd, go down,
As chief Supporters of the Triple-Crown;
And Aristotle, for Destruction ripe,
Some say be called the Soul an Organ-Pipe;
Which by some little Help of Derivation,
Shall thence be call'd a Pipe of Inspiration.
Your wiser Judgments further penetrate,
Who late found out one Tare amongst the Wheat.
This is our Comfort, none e'er cried us down,
But who dislike'd both Bishops and a Crown.



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Sophonisba*, at its playing
at *Oxford*.

TO this learn'd Audience gladly we submit
At once our Action and our Poet's Wit.
Whose Shades, well pleas'd, to these fam'd Seats repair,
To hear the Muses breathe their native Air :
Free from the partial Censure of the Town,
Where senseless Faction runs the Poet down ,
Where flutt'ring Hectors on the Vizard fall,
One half o'th' Play they spend in Noise and Brawl,
Sleep out the rest, then wake and damn it all.
To you the labour'd Scene is better known,
In which no Poets have excell'd your own.
When some fam'd Hero on the Stage is seen,
You strait reflect such was his God-like Mien ;
To such Extent did his vast Conquests swell,
He reign'd thus glorious, thus untimely fell :
Knowing th' Original, you the Copy praise,
And crown the Artist with deserved Bays.
Thus to their Merits we our Poets leave,
But for our selves your milder-Censure crave,
That all Defects i'th' Action you'd impute
To our straitned Stage, 'tis ours, the Womens Suit.

The

EPILOGUE.

9

*The Gown to Beauty never was unkind,
But form'd by that th' Ideas of the Mind.
'Twas from the Schools our first Respects we gain'd,
Who of our Sex their Sciences have feign'd.
Thus were the Muses, thus the Graces drest,
And Plato thus his Virtue has express.
We know what's due to Sophonisba's Fame,
And more to Rosalinda's chaster Name.
Nor can we wholly ignorant appear
Of those learn'd Languages that flourish here.
Be not surpriz'd if we invade your Right,
And Ovid's or Catullus' Loves recite,
Or pass from Virgil's Labours of Æneas,
To Menin acide Thea Peleidaeo Achileos.*



A 5.

DRA

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

<i>Hannibal</i> , General of <i>Carthage</i> ,	Mr. <i>Mohun</i> .
<i>Maberbál</i> , Lieutenant-General,	Mr. <i>Burt</i> .
<i>Bomilcar</i> , Master of the Horse and Elephants,	} Mr. <i>Wintershall</i> .
<i>Scipio</i> , Consul of <i>Rome</i> ,	
<i>Lælius</i> , his Lieutenant,	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Varro</i> , a Tribune,	Mr. <i>Lydall</i> .
<i>Massinissa</i> , King of <i>Numidia</i> , married to <i>Sophonisba</i> ,	Mr. <i>Watson</i> .
<i>Trebellius</i> , a Roman Officer,	} Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Massina</i> , Nephew of <i>Massinissa</i> ,	
<i>Menander</i> , Confident of <i>Massinissa</i> ,	Mr. <i>Powel</i> .
	Mr. <i>Clark</i> .
	Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .
<i>Sophonisba</i> , a <i>Carthaginian</i> Lady, Daughter of <i>Asdrubal</i> , first marry'd to <i>Syphax</i> , after to <i>Massinissa</i> ,	} Mrs. <i>Cox</i> .
<i>Rosalinda</i> , a <i>Roman</i> Lady, Mistress of <i>Hannibal</i> .	
<i>Rezambe</i> , } <i>Merna</i> , } Maids of Honour, and Con- fidents of <i>Sophonisba</i> .	} Mrs. <i>Boutell</i> .
<i>Aglave</i> . } <i>Cumana</i> , } Priestesses of <i>Bellona</i> ,	
	Mrs. <i>Nep</i> .
	Mrs. <i>Corey</i> .

A T T E N D A N T S.

S C E N E *Zama*.

S O P H O -



SOPHONISBA:

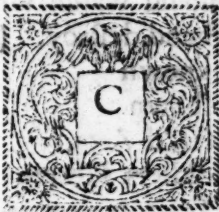
O R,

Hannibal's Overthrow.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar, Guards and Attendants.

Han.



Onquest with Laurels has our Arms
adorn'd,
And Rome in Tears of Blood our
Anger mourn'd,
Like Gods we pass'd the rugged
Alpine Hills,

Melted our way, and drove our hissing Wheels
Through cloudy Deluges, eternal Rills.
What after Ages shall with pain believe,
Through burning Quarries did our Passage cleave;

A 6

Hurd

Hurl'd dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd,
 Whose horrid Force the Nerves of Flint unloos'd;
 Made Nature start to see us root up Rocks,
 And open all the Adamantine Locks;
 Shake off her massy Bars, o'er Mountains go,
 Through Globes of Ice, and Flakes of solid Snow.
 On our last Elephant, while we did sleep,
 In *Arnus*' foggy Fens and Marshes deep,
 One Light we lost, for *Carthage* underwent
 Wars tedious Toils, our Blood and Spirits spent,
 And all the Stock of Health which bounteous Nature lent.

Mab. But what Return has that slow City-made?
 Admir'd by Foes, you were by Friends betray'd.
 While you abroad fam'd Battels bravely fought,
 The Traitor *Hanno* your Destruction fought:
 No Succours were for your Assistance meant;
 For still to *Rome* Intelligence was sent:
 That did the *Carthaginians* Strength declare,
 Which way they pass'd, and what their Numbers were.

Bom. By this Design your Brother's Death was wrought,
 When he apart from you with *Nero* fought.
 Too well that barbarous Statesman *Hanno* knew,
 If Gallant *Asdrubal* should join with you,
 The *Romans* could no hope of Safety have,
 No Power on Earth could their lost Empire save:
 With wicked Policy he therefore try'd
 Your two all conquering Armies to divide.
 How fatally did his curs'd Plots succeed,
 When with your Brother all his Troops did bleed?

Han. Great Statesmen Kings should watch while they
 Left, what they build, those underhand destroy. (employ,
 Nor has his separating Chiefs been known
 Only on Land, but on the Ocean shown:
 Where Fleets divided, by close practis'd Arts,
 Have melted Womens Eyes, and Soldiers Hearts.

Bom. Now all the Fiends those Traitors drag to Hell,
 Who for Revenge, or Gold, their Country sell.

Han. How wou'd the Slave have quak'd, had they but
 The Flights of *Trebid*, or of *Tbrasimene*, (seen
 Or dreadful *Cannæ*?

Where

Hannibal's Overthrow.

13

Where the dire Sisters bit the *Roman* Looms,
As if their Hands were tir'd with cutting Dooms.

Bom. Where fourscore valiant Senators were kill'd,
The Blood of seventy Thousand Soldiers spill'd,
And great *Æmillus'* Death our Conquest swell'd.

Han. When, all with crimson Slaughter cover'd o'er,
We urg'd our Horses through a Flood of Gore;
Whilst from the Battlements of Heaven's high Wall

Each God look'd down, and shook his awful Head,
Mourning to see so many thousands fall,

And then look'd pale, to see us look so red.

Mab. That was a Time worthy severest Fate,
When Victory on Hills of Heroes sat,
And turn'd her Eyes, all blood-shot, on the Fray,
And laugh'd, and clap'd her Wings, and bless'd the Day.

Han. And are we thus at last rewarded then?
Dare they review our Dangers with Disdain?
Dull Counsellors, who only talk of Harm,
Sleep till high Noon, to costly Banquets swarm,
And with rich Wines drink their cold Spirits warm.

Instead of fighting *Scipio*, let us haste,
Set fire to *Carthage*, lay her Glories waste;
Melt all their hoarded Treasures down, and pour
Into their thirsty Throats the scalding Ore.

Bom. Go on, Great Sir; their trusty Coffers burn,
Their towring Pride to Desolation turn.

Mab. How I should laugh to see their Ermines smoak!
May sulph'rous Flames their gorged Vitals choak.

Han. *Maherbal*, stay; tho' *Carthage* us'd me ill,
Spite of my Wrongs, she is my Country still:
My Father, the great Master of our Arms,
(Who while he gave me Life, heard loud Alarms)
Swore me *Rome's* Foe, when in my Age's Bud,
Wean'd me from Milk, and nurs'd me up in Blood,
And taught me to be obstinately good;
Rome, the World's Giant Empress to invade,
Till her bright Fame should shrink into a Shade
And all her golden Spires in Dust were laid.

Bom. *Carthage*, and *Rome*, which did so long divide
The troubled World, to prop their weighty Pride,

Will

Will brook no more each other's mighty Sway,
The Gods to this or that must give the Day:
Since such Majestick Pow'r to both is giv'n,
As each might take up all the Care of Heav'n.

Mab. Besides the nat'ral Hate to *Rome* you bear
With *Scipio*, Love obliges you to War,
Since *Rosalinda* is a Pris'nér there.
Heavens! shall he dare to keep your Love in Bands?
Beauty, like hers, Swords, Hands, and Hearts commands.

Han. O, my *Maberbal*! thou wert always kind,
See'st all my Good, but to my Ills art blind.
Had I by thy Advice my Soldiers led,
Hot with their Joys, and striding o'er the dead,
To *Rome*, to *Rome*, my Warrior——But, 'tis lost,
That Hour, that did so many last Hours cost!
The Gods and Opportunity ride Post.

Melting at *Capua* I in Pleasures lay;
And for a Mistress gave the World away. (subdue,

Mab. Grudge you the World? Cou'd I such Hearts
Were I great *Jove* himself, I'd give Heav'n too.
But I am rough, and not for Woman made,
In Nature's coarsest Mould my Fortune laid.

Han. Haste to the *Roman* Camp, *Bomilcar* fly,
Take Scouts along, unseen as Spirits pry,
And learn the Posture of the Enemy.
Learn, if thy Knowledge may so happy be,
Where *Rosalinda* mourns for Liberty:
Seek her as thou woud'st Wreaths for Glories Toil,
As after Conquest thou woud'st seek for Spoil. [Exeunt.

*The SCENE drawn, discovers a pleasant Grotto,
King Massinissa, Massina, and Menander sitting up
on a Bank. Soft Musick is heard.*

K. Mas. Since Love, the brightest Jewel of a Crown,
That fires Ambition, and adorns Renown:
That with sweet Hopes does our harsh Pains beguile,
And midst the Javelins makes the Soldier smile;
Since this great Trophy's lost, quite lost to me,
What wretched things must Fame and Empire be!

Men. Yet once your Soul was of another strain,
And still you talk'd how God-like 'twas to reign,
In myſtick Empire to be plac'd alone,
And your Cheeks burn'd when you beheld a Throne;
Ev'n in your Nonage haughty were and bold,
And ſmiling would your Father's Sceptre hold;
And talk'd, when young, how you would rule when old.

K. Maſſ. Ambition then I lov'd; but now abhor.

Maſ. What is Ambition, Sir?

K. Maſ. The Luſt of Power.

Like Glory, Boy, it licenses to kill;
A ſtrong Temptation to do bravely ill;
A Bait to draw the Bold and Backward in,
The dear-bought Recompence of higheſt Sin:
For when to Death we make the conquer'd yield,
What are we but the Murd'ers of the Field?

Men. In gallant Souls, Ambition is no more
The Bawd of Empire or the Luſt of Pow'r,
Than lawful Mirth is Leudneſs in a Bride,
Or Neatneſs in a Veſtal Virgin, Pride.

K. Maſ. Then be it ſo; yet I will out no more,
Since Love has wrack'd me on the long'd-for Shore,
No, but had I a Soul cou'd Storms outwear,
Durſt againſt Rocks, or over Quick-fands ſteer,
For Love, if *Venus* had like *Juno* bid,
I durſt as much as e'er *Alcides* did:
But I am loſt; nothing, *Maſſina* now;
With Love's each Blaſt, I like a Bulruſh bow.
Am I not alter'd much of late?

Maſſ. Alas!

You look like wither'd Flowers, or Mountain Graſs.

K. Maſ. O *Sophonisba*, Oh!

Maſſ. Why ſighs my Lord?

Speak; for I will revenge you with my Sword.
What cruel Vulture's this that tears your Breaſt?
Like feſter'd Wounds, it takes away your Reſt.
You will grow mad, I think, you watch all Night,
And with your Groans the croaking Ravens fright.
Who is it that theſe killing Griefs has wrought,
That bends your Brow, and turns you into Thought?

K. Maſ.

K. *Maf.* My Sorrows Load, alas! thou canst not bear.

Maff. Think you my Soul is capable of Fear?

What is it for your sake I cou'd not bear?

K. *Maff.* *Maffina*, thou art all that I wou'd have;
There's nothing after thee, but a low Grave:
Obdurate stubborn Heart, still wilt thou hold?
Observe me, Boy, when thou shalt see me cold,
Grown by my Death a longer Line of Woe,
Pale as wrong'd Lover's Ghosts, that sigh below;
Then learn to curse the Author of my Fate.

Maff. What horrid things are these, which you relate?

K. *Maf.* Thee from thy Childhood I have train'd with
Pth' painful Discipline of tedious War: (Care,
In Mountains bred thee, and on barren Sands,
And led thee near the Sun, through high parch'd Lands;
Show'd thee to chase wild Boars upon the Heath,
And taught thy Infant Hands the Trade of Death.
When I by *Boccar* hotly was pursu'd,
And forc'd to plunge into the rapid Flood,
Thou leap'dst in after me.

Maff. I did, my Lord.

But you forgot the Whirl-pool in the Ford;
Where when I struggl'd, and my Strength grew slack,
You dash'd my Fate, and bore me on your Back:
So through the *Hellepont Europa* rode,
Half dead with Fear, tho' mounted on a God.

K. *Maf.* But, my *Maffina*, there's one Danger more,
More dreadful than all those we pass'd before:
Vile Woman!

Maff. Women, Sir, I oft have seen
Dancing with Timbrels on the Flowry Green,
Or like small Clouds upon the Mountain's Brow;
But never thought they Thunder bore till now.
I know they are all black, have rolling Eyes,
Thick Lips, flat Noses, Breasts of mighty size.

K. *Maf.* Thou never yet in shining Courts hast been;
Nor the fair part of Woman-kind hast seen,
Who close in *Africk* Palaces reside,
And from th' injurious Sun their Faces hide:

To whom compar'd, these seem all hideous Night;
But those, like *Cynthia's* Silver Crescent, bright.

Mass. Is it a Sin to be acquainted, Sir,
With those white Maids, that are so fine and fair?

K. Mas. Shun 'em, *Massina*, as thou woud'st thy Fate;
As things which by Antipathy we hate.

Not all the Horrors of a bloody War,
Nor Lions, Tygers, such hid Fury bear:
Those appear Monsters, but these seem all mild:
None ever yet destroy'd, but still she smil'd.
They are all Grief, when they appear all Joy;
Like Lightning, while they glitter, they destroy.
Lie down, sweet Youth. A fair white Woman was,
Of what thou seest me now the cruel Cause;
Tho' clear her Form appear'd, without one Stain,
Bright as those Bodies which o'er Darkness reign,
Her Soul is blacker than the Skin of *Moors*;
For Fraud with Beauty does his Lodging take.

Mass. Then Beauty's Breast is like a Bank of Flowers,
That fairly hides a foul and ugly Snake.

K. Mas. There's not one safe, and fair; all Seas of Sin;
Shou'dst thou be us'd, alas! as I have been,
'Twou'd make thee grey; hear not my Story told.

Mass. Will Women, if they use me, make me Old?

K. Mas. I had a Mistress once,
For her I fought, and did her Cause maintain
Against the World, upon the list'd Plain:
The Gods too know with what obliging Smiles,
And blushing Joy she prais'd my mighty Toils:
And when to kiss her Hand I bended low,
She made it meet my Lips, and prest 'em too.
All this in Publick; but from Sight remov'd,
Fierce were our Joys, and with a loose we lov'd.

Menan. You may remember, Sir, that I was by,
Call'd as a Witness to the sacred Tye,
Thrice we invok'd the God of Marriage there,
With rich *Sabeen* Scents perfum'd the Air,
And utter'd sacred Vows, and binding Prayer.

K. Mas.

K. Mas. When you were gone,
And none but I left with a charming Maid,
What furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade?
With open Arms upon my Bliss I ran,
With pangs I grasp'd her, like a dying Man:
Like Light and Heat, incorporate we lay;
We blest the Night, and curst the coming Day.

Mass. Now as I love bright Arms, the Story's fine!
Tell it all Night, my Lord, the Stars will shine.

K. Mas. Soon as the Birds did on the Morning call,
Her brighter Eyes a show'r of Tears let fall:
Which in my panting Bosom trick'd down,
She prest me close, and cry'd, must you be gone?
Then round my Neck her snowy Arms did twine:
She sigh'd; but will you be for ever mine?
Will you be true?—and then our Lips did join.

Mass. Kind, pretty Heart.

K. Mas. Her last Words were,
Hear me, ye Gods, may I be never blest,
If *Massinissa* be not to this Breast
The sweetest, dearest, everlasting Guest.
Yet she, this fair, this soft deluding she,
Forgetting all her Vows, forgetting me,
While I for *Carthage* follow'd Wars Alarms,
Resign'd her self up to another's Arms.

Enter Lælius, and Varro.

Læl. At length he's found: Rise, *Massinissa*, rise;
Shake off these Clouds that hang about your Eyes;
Glory's in view, and courts us with her call,
New Storms of War like Hail around us fall.

Var. Fury, that sat at home on massy Shields,
Now heaves 'em up, and ranges through the Fields;
With all her hundred Whips of Wire she comes,
And drives despairing Monarchs to their Tombs.

Læl. *Sypbax* and *Asdrubal* their Forces join,
With Arms the Mountains and the Vallies shine:
Ha! what unwonted Charm your Soul enchains?
Is your high Blood congeal'd within your Veins,

That

That from the dusty Field you thus retire,
And seek cool Shades, when all the World's on Fire?

Var. Kings cast their Silks, and Armour make their Robe;
Instead of Lutes, shrill Trumpets charm the Globe;
Yet you from this great Race of Honour run,
Wave falling Palms, and courting Laurels shun:
Why shou'd you *Sophonisba's* Loss bemoan,
When *Syphax*, who enjoys her, cries come on.

K. Mas. Ha! That the base Usurper did but dare
Meet me alone without his Crowds of War!

Lael. If you die here so silently, you'll fall
As if Fate knew not of your Funeral:
And cens'ring Fame will say, when you are gone,
His Thread of Life was by a Woman spun.
But, *Varro*, we mistake; this is not he,
This is some Porer on Morality;
Some studious Youth, who does the Heav'ns survey,
And in dull Science fools his Life away.

K. Mas. Awake! Where hast thou been, my drowsy
In *Lethe* steep'd, or freezing near the Pole? (Soul
I feel her now my benumb'd Limbs inspire,
My Spirits shoot, and dart, and mount up higher,
Like Sparks that scatter from a kindling Fire:
The Plots of Love inglorious are and dark,
Blindly he aims, and Night is all his Mark;
Like Day I'll dart him through and through; I will;
To cure my Honour, I my Love will kill;
Kill her my self, cut piece-meal all her Charms.
War; how it sounds! away, to Arms, to Arms!
Let's go where the Illustrious *Scipio* calls;
I'll be the first shall scale proud *Carthage's* Walls:
Wing'd with our Glory, come, my Friends, let's fly,
To conquer bravely, or as bravely die.

Lael. Spoke like your self, thus we our Homage pay;
So look'd *Achilles* when *Troy* lost the Day.

Var. Fierce and Majestick as young *Mars* you stand:
'Tis fit that Look this *Africk* should command.

K. Mas. As Lovers, big with Expectation, burn;
My Soul to Battel does all fiery turn:

Swift as the Gods, in haste out-strips the Wind,
And leaves the Coursers of the Day behind.

Yet stay; methinks I am uneasy still:

What real Pleasure can it be to kill?

Lel. Frail Prince! how wavering all his Actions be,
By Passions tof'd in Love's tempestuous Sea?
War fires the Brave.

K. Mas. Yet War contracts a Guilt,
And the Brave grieve when many Lives are spilt:
Love like a Monarch merciful and young,
Shedding no Blood effeminates the Strong;
But War does like a Tyrant vex us more,
And breaks those Hearts, which Love did melt before.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Scipio, K. Mass. Menander, Lælius, and Varro.

Scip.



*HE Scouts of Hannibal, have they sur-
The Camp.* (vey'd

Lel. Your Will exactly was obey'd.

Scip. I hear, my gallant Friend, and
grieve to hear,

That you the Chains of *Sophonisba* wear;
In Glory's School you had the foremost Name,
Skill'd in the dark mysterious Book of Fame;
Did those worn Characters with Pleasure read,
Which told the Stories of the mighty Dead:
But by this Act of Softness you will drown
Those noble Parts, and forfeit your Renown;
Truant to all the Honour that you had,
Drunk with Love's Tears, with Smiles of Beauty mad.

K. Mas. I strove, Sir, by your great Achievements
(taught,
To drive this Beauty from my lab'ring Thought;

But

Hannibal's Overtbrow.

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But I as well to Heaven might carry Wars,
And quench the Influence of our crosser Stars :
Like those with fatal Fires she gilds my way,
And leads me on that I may further stray.

Scip. Then I must angry grow, since you are frail,
And Corrosives apply, where Cordials fail ;
To me prove civil ; for your self be wise ;
You have my Friendship, therefore I advise.

K. Mas. Mean you, my Lord, not *Sophonisba* love ?

Scip. As she's the Foe of *Rome*, I disapprove
All Treaties with her : shake her off in time,
Or against Honour you commit a Crime.

K. Mas. And wou'd you have me live ?

Scip. When she is dead :
Why shou'd you wish her Life, that has betray'd
Both you and *Rome* ? *Syphax*, whom I had wrought,
Her cunning Tongue to side with *Carthage* brought ;
By Heaven I swear, if she my Captive be,
I'll use her as the *Romans* Enemy.

K. Mas. You'd have me shake her off and live ; I'd
Whether this Flesh you wear you can forego, (know
And be the same. Here through my Bosom run
Your Sword ; and when the bloody Deed is done,
When your Steel smoaks with my Heart's reeking Gore,
Bid me be well as e'er I was before.

Scip. You are resolv'd, it seems, to cross my Will :
But from a Friend I'll construe nothing ill.

K. Mas. O then endure yet more, and let me speak,
Without some vent my lab'ring Heart will break :

'Tis as a Friend your Life, your Life I spare,
Not as you, more than King, *Rome's* Consul are,
The far-fam'd *Scipio*, and the God of War.

Can any Man that's brave,
His Mistress Injuries with Patience hear ?
Let any other in your Case appear,
And justify the words that you have said ;
By the immortal Powers, I'll strike him dead.

Lael. My Lord. (As the King moves forward, *Laelius*
lays his Hand on his Sword.

Scip.

Scip. Your gen'rous Temper, *Laelius*, hold;
 He shall be hotter yet, to be more cold:
 My Virtue all the Storms of Passion knows,
 Has tried its Calms, its wondrous Ebbs and Flows.
 Since a Request so small you can deny,
 From greater Proofs how wou'd your Friendship fly?

K. Mas. Try me, my Lord, but any other way,
 Heavens! with what Readiness would I obey?
 While Blood kind Warmth does to these Limbs afford,
 While I can shake a Spear, or wield a Sword,
 You shall be ever *Massinissa's* Lord.
 Go on and wander the wide Ocean o'er,
 Go sail to some inhospitable Shore,
 Where dreadful Monsters guard the horrid Land,
 Tho' down to Hell I sink, at your Command
 I'll throw my Body on the untried Sand.
 Wou'd you have all the *Carthaginians* slain,
 Or see their Cities level'd with the Plain?
 With chearful Toil the business shall be done,
 Give me but *Sophonisba* for my Crown.

Scip. To conquer Enemies abroad's no more
 Than every Tribune here has done before:
 Search all the Army thro, and find that one,
 Who, if I bid, the Force of Fire dares shun;
 Or will not from a Precipice leap down:
 At my Command, *Laelius*, would you refuse
 To die?

Lel. My Fate for Empire I'd not lose:
 At thy Command, Temples and Shrines should blaze,
 I'd spoil their Gods, their Statues, Altars raze,
 And with my Fury make them dread thee more,
 Than I fear them when all their Thunders roar.

Scip. To conquer Kingdoms, and on Sceptres tread,
 Is but to imitate great Heroes dead.
 Shou'd you your Arms to the World's Limits bear,
 The mighty *Alexander* pierc'd as far:
 But if ungovern'd Passion you can bind,
 And quench th' inglorious Ardour of your Mind,
 Your Fame shall with that haughty Victor's vie,
 Which all the Eastern Beauties cou'd defy.

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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If still you are resolv'd her Charms to trust,
The World may truly term you rash, unjust,
And when you perish, say, he died for Lust.

K. Mas. You tax me, Sir, with Crimes I do not know :
But urge me not too far ; for I may grow
Beyond all Limits, just Revenge pursue,
And, blinded by my Rage, let fly at you.

Scip. Unhand him— by the Gods, your worst I dare ;
A single Arm *Rome's* Consul cannot fear :
I shine above thee, like a Star fix'd higher,
Whom tho' you cannot reach, you may admire.

K. Mas. Like Meteors rather you false Glory take,
Whose short-liv'd Blaze low earthy Vapours make ;
Yet, since with fancy'd Fires you fill the Sky,
Shall not one Prince at your dread Aspect die.

Scip. How have I err'd? Your Trial's at an End :
Heav'n! That I e'er should call this Man my Friend.
How could my Soul so grossly be o'rsen?
From all Mankind wert thou selected then,
O most ungrate, ill-temper'd, barb'rous King?
No good did ever from this *Africk* spring.
Did I for this each *Roman* Friendship shun,
And to those savage Arms for Refuge run?
When with the weighty Cares of War oppress'd,
Lean'd all my Troubles on that fullen Breast ;
Took no Petition, granted no Command,
But what was giv'n by *Massinissa's* Hand.
What Triumphs did I ever yet design,
Wherein your Glory might not equal shine?
Yet for a Woman, and a false one too,
Your Fame, your Faith, and Friendship you forego.
Still let the Great of Favourites beware ;
They most deceive us, who most trusted are.

. [*The Consul turns away.*]

K. Mas. Stay, Consul, stay, my Friend, my noble
Lord ;

Cou'd you then cast me off for one rash Word?
Forfake me ever? O you never lov'd
Your *Massinissa*, who cou'd thus be mov'd.

Go

Go if you please, leave this ungrateful King,
 This savage, barb'rous, indigested thing.
 Whate'er my Passion did, should pardon'd be ;
 For, I confess, you are a God to me :
 Yet it had been more friendly and more kind,
 Not to have met the Tempest of my Mind.

Scip. But was it possible in this our Strife,
 That *Massinissa* should attempt my Life ?

K. Mas. Pronounce my Death, cut off these cursed
 Hands,

Send me to *Syphax*, bound with shameful Bands,
 That I may all the subtlest Torments bear,
 And after Death no more Reproaches hear.

Scip. By this return of Virtue I am made
 For ever yours——Say, do I now upbraid ?
 Are these Reproaches ?

K. Mas. O ye Powers, look down,
 And hear me swear by your eternal Throne ;
 Whatever this your Likeness shall command,
 Tho' *Sophonisba* from my trembling Hand,
 I will obey——or curse me where I stand.

Scip. As your first Trial, strait to *Cirta* fly,
 And perjur'd *Syphax* at his Gates defy.
 Our Troops must conquer when led on by you :
 Chiefly his Wife endeavour to subdue,
 Whose subtle working Wit wrought all his Care,
 And with her beauteous Grievs renew'd the War.

K. Mas. This Youth, my Kinsman, as a Pledge I leave ;
 My All, the Darling of my Soul receive,
 As I in War shall false or faithful be,
 So may just Heaven do both to him and me.

Mass. Ah ! if I am that Darling of your Heart,
 How can you leave me thus forlorn behind ?
 Take me along, or I shall think 'twas Art
 That made you seem so pitiful and kind.

K. Mas. Now all the Gods thy precious Life defend ;
 Something that's fatal sure these Tears portend ;
 I was not us'd to weep.

Scip. Nor must not now.
 At your request we will to *Zama* go ;

From hence to *Bagrada* our Forces draw,
To try our Strength with desp'rate *Hannibal*,
And keep that famous Conqueror in awe,
They talk'd of giving Laws i'th' Capitol.

K. Mas. My Blood boils in my Veins and catches Fire;
Such Words, such Courage would the Dead inspire:
Yes, we will fight, my Lord, with *Hannibal*,
To bloody 'ccount his boasted Valour call.

Scip. Like some vast ill-built Tow'r so high he grows,
His Marble Front nods with each Blast that blows.

K. Mas. Our Arms, like Thunder, levell'd at his
Crown,

Shall all at once, hurl'd by our Rage, rush on,
And in a Moment roll his Glory down.

[*Manet Massina solus.*]

Mass. Was ever Youth unfortunate as I?
But I will be revenged on him and die.
Perhaps to lose me in his Wars he fears,
As if my Soul did not outgo my Years.

Enter Rosalinda.

Ros. I've scap'd with much ado the Tribune's Hands,
But 'tis the Consul who must break my Bands,
And send me with a pass-port back——Who's there?
What are you?

Mass. First instruct what you are,
And how you came to be thus heav'nly fair;
What is it makes your Cheeks so fresh and bright,
The Red of Roses, or the Lillies White?

Ros. Were you ne'er thus before?

Mass. I never knew
Such Agues in my Blood, and Fevers too.

Ros. I'll leave you, Sir.

Mass. You cannot if you wou'd,
You may as easily forego your Blood:
Like that, I'll blushing creep about you still,
And my sick Thoughts with silent Pleasures fill.

Ros. What is't you'd have?

Mass. Alas ! I do not know ;
 Something there is which Nature will not show :
 Whene'er you speak, as at melodious Strains,
 There's something purls and trickles thro' my Veins ;
 Like Quicksilver it moves so cold and fast,
 Then my Eyes twinkle as they'd look their last.

Ros. It shews like Love : but in its Birth destroy
 A Passion which scarce Pity can enjoy.

Mass. Perhaps you think me born of common Race ;
 But royal Blood does my high Lineage grace.
 Ah ! do not then put out this harmless Flame,
 Since from your Eyes the tingling Torment came.

Ros. In vain your Passion's Ardour you alledge,
 The Fort's impregnable, break up your Siege ;
 No Force nor Art can the least Outwork win,
 There's one for you too mighty enter'd in :
 The haughtiest, bravest, foremost Man on Earth,
 Who from the Blood of Gods derives his Birth.

Mass. To this immortal Kindred leave him then ;
 You may be better plac'd with Blood of Men.
 Besides, who knows but his Divinity,
 As Gods will sometimes very forward be,
 May chance take pet as you in Love engage,
 And thunder you to pieces in his Rage ?

Ros. 'Tis true, in War most dreadful he appears,
 All cruel, glorious, Dangers thick he wears :
 Not to amuse you, when you have nam'd all
 That's great and lovely, think on *Hannibal*.

Mass. Is't possible !
 In Age can Beauty ought that's lovely spy ?
 Can Dreams of Glory waking Youth supply ?

Ros. Tho' his Blood mov'd like freezing Currents flow,
 Were his Head whiter than the *Alpine* Snow,
 My Youth his Age into one Piece should grow.

Mass. All you have said I know in jest was spoke ;
 What should you do with such a sapless Oak ?
 When a young pleasant Vine so near you stands,
 And bows with all his Clusters to your Hands.

Ros. Honour to Youth and Beauty I prefer,
 I'm for the best and bravest Man in War ;

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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And since the World knows none so great as he,
None else shall Lord of my Affection be.
In shorter Joys let other Maids delight,
Those transitory Pleasures of a Night;
But I more lasting Happiness design,
In my illustrious Warriour's Heart to shine,
And have my Name on his high Tomb engrav'd,
This, this is she who *Hannibal* enslav'd.

Mass. Tho' I no Dawn of Comfort can descry,
Yet in this hopeless Love I will engage,
And every Thought of Royalty cast by,
Thro' all the World attend you as your Page:
For all my Pains I will not beg one Kiss,
That were to wrong your mighty Man of War;
Give a kind Look, and I will prize the Bliss
Above those Hopes which the Ambitious bear.

Ref. Since then you are resolv'd a while to wait,
As your first Task, shew me the Consul straight:
My Beauty like a Comet shall arise
That temp'rate Lord of Nations to surprize,
I'll thunder in his Ear and lighten in his Eyes.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *The Carthaginian Camp.*

*Hannibal is discover'd in his Tent, sitting at a Table
with Lights.*

Han. How great's the Care, the Toil and lingring Pain,
That racks a General's Breast, and breaks his Brain!

Argus a hundred Lights had, I but one,
Yet all the Day 'tis watchful as the Sun;
And all the Night 'tis watchful as the Moon.
When shall I sleep, from Noise and Business freed?
'Tis hush'd, but Business does succeed:

Beauty which *Jove* could draw from Heav'n's high
Tow'r, (dore,
When Nymphs in Groves his God-head stoop'd t'a-
So much he lov'd Delight above Almighty Pow'r:

In his deep Blood the soft Contagion ran,
 Staining his Son, that vast immortal Man,
 The great *Alcides*, who a Distaff made
 Of that huge Club which Nations could invade ;
 Wou'd in his Mistress' Glas kind Looks devise,
 Less'ning the Glories of his God-like Eyes,
 And turn'd his mighty Voicce to tender Cries.
 Since Gods themselves, and God-like Men have lov'd,
 Why should not I with Beauty's Charms be mov'd ?
 The highest Pow'r has Love's blind Mazes trod ;
 Then *Hannibal* love on, and imitate a God.

Enter Bomilcar.

Bomilcar here ? So suddenly return'd ?
 You look as if your Journey you had mourn'd.

Bom. My Lord, we were discover'd.

Han. Ha ! How then ?

Was your lost Freedom given you agen ?

Bom. The gen'rous Consul knowing who we were,
 Commanded us to dissipate our Fear :

Then to his Officers gave strict Command,

To let us take a view of ev'ry Band ;

But such brave Men, and such strict Discipline !

Han. You speak, *Bomilcar*, as you knew not mine.

Bom. My Lord, your Pardon, if I say these Eyes
 Ne'er yet beheld such gallant Enemies.

When we had seen what might less Spirits damp,

He generously dismiss'd us from the Camp.

Han. This civil Brav'ry has oblig'd me so,

I shall to Battel with half Fury go :

Doubts enter here, which yet my Breast ne'er felt ;

Doubts beget Fears, and Fears my Courage melt.

But of my Love, Cousin, you nothing said ;

Is she alive ? How I that Answer dread !

Or is it possible she can be dead ?

Bom. Tho' in the Search our utmost Wit essay'd,
 We nought could hear of that illustrious Maid.

Han. Perhaps his Heart for Temp'rance so renown'd,
 From her all-conqu'ring Eyes might take a Wound,

And

And now he keeps her close : Which should he dare,
With Fire and Sword we'll carry on the War.
Yes, we will instantly our Bodies join ;
The World's at stake, let her be his or mine.

Bom. Throw boldly at the Sum which the Gods set ;
A hundred thousand Lives at once are met,
That on your side will all their Fortunes bet.

Enter Maherbal.

(behold

Mab. Come forth, my Lord, haste from your Tent,
Sights that may chill the Fiery, daunt the Bold :
Shrill Trumpets echo thro' the Arch of Heaven,
Battels proclaim'd, and bloody Signals giv'n.
Two Suns their gaudy Chariots Curtains furl,
And at each other brandish'd Lightning hurl ;
Red Bolts rush flaming thro' a bloody Sky,
Wounding the Air, vast pointed Splinters fly,
Immortal Spirits drop down, and seem to die :
A Host of heav'nly Warriours bright and gay
Appointed stand, and ready for the fray ;
In golden Arms their shining Chiefs appear,
Helmets and Shields of Diamonds they wear,
And Spears, with Stars of value set, they bear.

Han. The End of all things sure is drawing nigh.

Mab. Thro' the void Place swift Darts obliquely fly :
Black swarthy Demons hold a hollow Cloud,
And with long Thunder-bolts they drum aloud :
Their Trumpets all with Sun-beams are inlay'd,
Where dreadful Sounds by fiery Breath are made :
Mountains are buried in the Womb of Earth,
A Grave they find where first they had their Birth :
Our Household Gods sweat as they stand, and all
Your Garlands from their Temples untouch'd fall.
A Wolf but now, his Jaws all blooded o'er,
And by his side a savage foaming Boar,
Your Out-guards fac'd, and Slaughter there began,
Nor stop'd they, but thro' all the Army ran,
Till satiated with Blood, the Monsters fled,
Vanish'd from Sight, and in dark Forests hid.

B 3

Han.

Han. Lead to the Place from whence we may descry
These dreadful Prodigies that fill the Sky.
Command our Priests a Sacrifice prepare,
T'appease the angry Demons of the Air. [Exeunt.

*The SCENE drawn discovers a Heaven of Blood, two
Suns, Spirits in Battel, Arrows shot to and fro in the
Air; Cries of yielding Persons, &c. Cries of Carthage
is fallen, Carthage, &c.*

Re-enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. What mean the Gods by these fantastick Forms?
And unprovok'd why do they raise such Storms?

Mab. When dreadful Prodigies like these appear,
The sure Destruction of some State is near.
Our General's mov'd, his angry Looks dart Fire,
And noble Rage does his griev'd Soul inspire.

Han. Can this be true? Answer, ye Powers Divine,
Shall in our Death the *Roman* Glory shine?
Has Fate our Ruin fix'd? Is it decreed,
That *Carthage* fall, and *Hannibal* must bleed?
Yet with unshaken Souls our Doom we'll wait,
And perish bravely, tho' unfortunate:
Yes, ye malicious Powers, this *Hannibal*,
Whom you untimely to Destruction call,
Still what he was, shall like a Soldier fall.
Let *Hanno* shiver in the Arms of Death;
But loud Reports shall wait our parting Breath,
We'll drown the talking Gods with our last cry,
And Earth shall thunder back upon the Sky. [Exeunt.





ACT III. SCENE I.

A Roman Camp.

Enter Scipio, Lelius, Attendants, Varro, Guard.

Scip.



I S strange that we no News from *Cirta*
No Soldier thence? (hear

Lel. None, Sir, does yet appear.

Scip. 'Twere fit some Tribune with our
Horse should go,

And the Intents of *Massinissa* know.

Enter Rosalinda and Massina.

Ref. Where is the General? By your Majesty,
And august Garb, you should the Consul be:
If such you are, I charge you set me free. }

Scip. Your strict Commands are told in such a way,
The Consul doubts whether he should obey:
Nor know I, Fair-one, what, or whose you are,
Wrongfully held, or Prisoner of War.

Ref. By right or wrong, when Beauty pleads like mine,
'Tis fit you strait my Liberty enjoin;
To keep me here against my Will, is wrong,
Since I to *Hannibal* the Great belong:
Dare you detain what's his?

Scip. We all things dare,
But would not willingly offend the Fair:
None shall presume your Freedom to deny,
If with the Gift we may your Friendship buy.

Ref. My Friendship! No; to Death I hate you all,
All that bear Arms against my *Hannibal*:
A Man so great, I tho' a *Roman* born,
Can for his sake my Friends, my Country scorn;

Who drives the bravest of you from the Field,
As I in Cities make all Beauties yield.

Rome! she's not fit tho' she her Head lay down,
To be his Foot-stool, when he mounts a Throne.

Scip. My yet unshaken Soul, with Virtue bound,
No force of War, or Love cou'd ever wound:

But *Mars* and *Cupid* now at once appear,
And strike me with an Object fierce and fair.

How her Eyes shine! what killing Fires they art!
And all within I feel the fatal Smart.

Away with her, she is a Sorceress, go.

Mass. Stay, stay, my Lord, remember she's your Foe;
Besides I love her; and if she depart,

Or suffer any Wrong, 'twill break my Heart.

By all those Noble Promises you made,

[*Kneels.*

When *Asdrubal* in *Spain* before you fled,

And I your Pris'ner was, you lov'd me then,

With Gold and Jewels sent me home again,

And hung about my Neck a Di'mond Chain.

Scip. At your Request, she shall not go, but stay
With me.

Mass. With you? Dispatch her, Sir, away.

A Rival in my Love I cannot bear:

Love toys, my Lord, below your Greatness are,

They'll take you off the Business of the War.

Scip. Tho' War usurp the Day, Love claims the Night,
At last we'll try this am'rous new Delight.

Mass. Yes you may try, but ne'er can please like me;

You'll still be dreaming, Sir, of Victory,

Of storming Forts, and digging Trenches deep,

And call for Arms and break your Mistress' sleep.

Ref. The serious Trifles of your Love adjourn;

For know I view you both with equal Scorn.

O mighty *Hannibal!* thou all Divine,

This loyal Heart shall never be but thine;

How little these compar'd to thee? how low?

Scip. Trophies as great, and Conquests we can show,

Noble as those which his fam'd Arms adorn,

From as dire Dangers Victory hath torn.

Ref.

Ros. 'Tis true, some Glory you atchiev'd in *Spain*,
 And *Carthagera* by surprize did gain ;
 For your late Conquest poorly did conspire,
 Pretending Peace, you set the Camp on Fire :
 Yet you would loudly talk of *Roman* Fame,
 When all your Eagles Dove-like flew so tame:
 But *Hannibal* with Noise to War proceeds,
 Makes the World start at his unequal'd Deeds ;
 He like some rolling Whale, who as he laves,
 With his bright Armory gilds the Waves ;
 Dashes the frighted Nation from his side,
 That pale and foaming Furies far off ride,
 O'er all the watry Region does command,
 The Ocean's Lord and Tyrant of the Land :
 While your tame Legions, like the smaller Fry,
 Glide silent on, and only twinkle by.

Scip. Take her, *Massina*, bear her from my Tent,
 To Freedom, Chains, to Death or Banishment :
 Bear her where I may never see her more.

[*Massina leads her off.*]

She's gone, and now I am as heretofore ;
 My panting Heart with Thirst of Glory burns,
 Fame flies before, and beckn'ing Fortune turns,
 Bevers and Bucklers, Swords and massy Shields,
 And all the wonted Objects Fancy yields,
 Black Hills, and dusty Plains, and bloody Fields.

Enter Maherbal.

What art thou ? 'Tis the Consul speaks.

Mab. From *Hannibal* I come with you to treat,
 E'er Fortune half the frighted World defeat :
 The Grace which for his Spies you did command,
 He thanks you for ; but with his Sword in Hand,
 He who ne'er yet a Parley wish'd with *Rome*,
 Since War is to the dreadful upshot come,
 Would hold Discourse with you of the Earth's Doom.

Scip. 'Tis granted ; where's the Place ?

Mab. On *Zama's* Plain,
 Attended only with five hundred Men ;

Soon as the Morn's first Blushes shall appear,
Expect the Terror of your Armies there.

[Exit.]

Scip. Would it were done, the great Decision made;
Rome crown'd, and in the Dust great *Carthage* laid.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Laurels, and all the Trophies Conquest yields,
Colours and Standards, bought with Blood in Fields,
King *Massinissa* does to *Scipio* send,
His godlike Master, and his warlike Friend.

Scip. Relate in brief the Progress of his Arms.

Treb. Soon as King *Syphax* heard our dread Alarms,
He sent some Troops of Horse abroad to scout,
Which were by equal Number put to rout.
Urg'd with Despair, and by his charming Wife,
Whose Beauty has been fatal to his Life,
He came in Person forth, to end the Strife.
Our Battels join'd, and fiercely it was fought,
Till to the last Extreame our Troops were brought;
When *Massinissa* more than Man appear'd,
And with his overflowing Valour clear'd
Those mighty Odds, which first our Soldiers fear'd.

Scip. Some wondrous Act of Fortitude was shown,
Which could resettle Troops half overthrown.

Treb. Where'er our General turn'd, Death mark'd his
And whom he ey'd, with his cold Arrow strook; (Look,
Like some vast Flame he made his glorious Way,
And all about him Desolation lay.

Syphax whose Name he made to Heav'n resound,
With Cries of echoing Joys at last he found,
Trembling, tho' with his Guards encompass'd round;
Swift as Revenge could dart, he on him flew,
Whom from his Horse with his Hands force he drew,
And pierc'd his Heart in both the Armies View:
Which seen, with one Consent the Soldiers fled,
As if all Hopes were with their Monarch dead.

Scip. *Cirta* should after such a Loss, in course,
Surrender to the Victor's dreaded Force.

Treb. It did, Great Sir : To *Massinissa* now
The gravest Lords with willing Homage bow ;
Where, as I did amongst the Foremost ride,
'Twas wish'd the Queen might prove the Victor's Bride.

Scip. I rather wish thou could'st not Conquest boast,
And that the King were with the Battel lost.
To *Cirta*, *Lelius*, instantly repair,
And make that subtle Queen our Prisoner :
If *Massinissa* should oppose you, say,
'Tis my Command, who swore you to obey. [Exeunt.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, and Bomilcar.

Han. My *Rosalinda* freed, and in my Tent ?
But wherefore was that Stranger with her sent ?
Thou hast a Tempest rais'd within my Mind ;
Speak, was this Youth so fair, and she so kind ?

Bom. Your *Rosalinda*'s Beauty did appear
Bright as Noon-day ; all piercing, sprightly clear ;
But he who led her seem'd so soft and young,
As if that Pity handed Love along ;
And Tears did so his blushing Cheeks adorn,
Methought the Sun came usher'd by the Morn.

Han. Cease thy unwelcome Praise ; what did she say ?

Bom. That she wou'd there for your Appearance stay ;
I bow'd and went, and being curious grown,
I stoop'd a while to mark that Fair unknown :
When she with languishing Intreaties said,
Is this your Love ? shall I not be obey'd ?
Be gone, be gone ; if *Hannibal* should come,
And but inspect, Death were a certain Doom.

Han. Peace, Harbinger of Fate ; with Ravens dwell,
Thy Tale at Midnight to the Dying tell :
Oh ! it has pierc'd me like a poison'd Dart,
Which by degrees infects the Blood and Heart ;
And now it higher mounts, divides my Head,
Where like a Plague its pointed Venoms spread,
My Brain ten thousand various Tortures turn ;
Now Agues chill me, and now Fevers burn.

Oh *Rosalinda*! False ungrateful Maid,
 Am I for loss of Glory thus repaid?
 But let's away, to my Pavilion lead;
 That Ravisher of all my Hopes shall bleed. [Exeunt.

Enter Rosalinda, and Massina.

Ros. Why did you stay? If you did ever love,
 Let me conjure you, from this Place remove.

Mass. Permit me, as your menial Servant stay,
 And near your Person sigh my Life away:
 Is that so much?

Ros. It cannot, must not be,
 That you should idly spend your Hours with me:
 You, like the golden Planet of the Day,
 Should, as you rise all glorious, set all gay;
 A gen'rous Pity does my Heart subdue,
 Which bids you now eternally adieu.

Mass. Say, your Disdain——Alas! how can I part?
 Methinks I go as if I had no Heart:
 But since you are resolv'd it must be so,
 Near to some murm'ring Brook I'll lay me down;
 Whose Waters, if they should too shallow flow,
 My Tears shall swell 'em up that I will drown.

Enter Hannibal, Bomilcar, Asper.

Ros. Massina, stay; I strictly charge you live.

Han. Not Heav'n nor Earth can grant him a Reprieve,
 Since *Hannibal* has vow'd that he shall die:

Bomilcar bind him, bind him instantly.

False Rosalinda!——Bear him from my sight,
 And shade his Beauties with Eternal Night.
 Is it for this at last we meet again?

Wou'd you had still the Consul's Captive been.

Ros. Oh *Hannibal*! can you resist my Tears?
 What Change is this your stormy Temper wears?
 He shall not die, *Bomilcar, Asper, stay,*
 'Tis I command you; dare you disobey?

Han.

Han. Be gone, he dies who listens to her Pray'r;
Pull off his Bracelets, let him Shackles wear.
With Fetters fret his soft and supple Skin;
Too light a Penance for so foul a Sin.

[*Massina is taken away.*]

Ref. If *Rosalinda* yet has any part
Left in that cruel, yet renowned Heart,
This Stranger's Freedom instantly enjoin,
And you shall ever be the Lord of mine.

Han. How dar'st thou plead for him, false as you are?

Falsely, if possible, than thou art fair :

In his Behalf no Intercession make,
His Torments shall be doubled for thy sake.

Ref. Henceforth wrong'd Innocence from Courts re-
Thou best, but rare Companion of the Great : (treat,
Since thus abus'd, ah! visit him no more,
But rest thy Sorrows at some Shepherd's Door.

Han. Oh Guilt! canst thou to Innocence appeal,
Who to this Youth such Kindness didst reveal?

Ref. If Pity Kindness be, I was most kind,
Who all my Softness to his Grievs resign'd:
And what but Marble Hearts cou'd see him mourn,
Yet so much Sweetness with such Sorrows scorn?

Han. Pity, like yours, that does so swiftly move,
Is the Fore-runner of approaching Love.

Ref. Unworthy of the Honour you possess;
My Passion's great, wou'd I cou'd make it less:
Know, most Unjust and Jealous, therefore vain,
For Jealousy's great Weakness in great Men.
My constant Soul did for thy Glory wave,
The Rich, the Young, the Beautiful and Brave.
My Charms the cold and temp'rate Consul felt,
Whilst Beauty's Beams did fiercely on him play:
The Frost which long had bound his Heart, did melt,
And Love like Sun-shine thaw'd his Ice away.

Han. Your Looks methinks have quite another Air;
Nor doubt I but your Beauty has been try'd,
So faint Love's Colours in your Face appear,
Like Silks that lose their Gloss by being dy'd.

Ref.

Ref. That *Scipio*, nor this Prince, whom cruel you
Have bound, cou'd nothing on my Heart prevail,
Is as Heav'n's high Decree most justly true;
And I am innocent, as thou art frail.

Han. Alas! 'twas Innocence to say, be gone;
If *Hannibal* shou'd but inspect, you're dead.

Ref. Compassion, for a Love I could not own,
Urg'd me to speak: what you have heard, was said,
Therefore release him instantly from Bands,
And yield him safe into the Consul's Hands:
Without Delays or murm'ring free him strait:
Or may your Laurels never more be green,
Nor may your Arms in War be fortunate,
Nor *Rosalinda* but with Frowns be seen.

Han. Stay, Madam—Haste, the Captive Prince un-
My Heart to others rough, the Soldier's Crime, (bind:
As Rocks to Seas, or stubborn Oaks to Wind,
Shall bow to you, as those must yield to Time:
Forgive my Temper, harden'd with the Steel,
In which I stood almost Immortal Man,
Till Love let fall a Blow, that made me reel,
And pointed Beauty through my Armour ran.
Can you forgive the Rudeness of my Mind?

Ref. Forego your Jealousy, and I'll be kind.

Enter Massina unbound.

Han. May a rash Man, wrong'd Prince, your Pardon

Mass. No, Sir, my Pardon you shall never have; (crave?
For know I hate thee on a double Score,
Much for thy Love, more for Tyrannick Pow'r.
Princes who have like me dishonour'd been,
Should blush to be dishonour'd so agen;
Fall, die, dispatch, to Fortune's Malice bow,
Thy royal Uncle would not own thee now.
Life proffer'd with the World I wou'd not take;
Yet I could live for *Rosalinda*'s sake:
Speak *Hannibal*, wilt thou thy share resign?

Ref. He may, but I can never part with mine.

Mass. How, never?

Ref.

Ros. Never.

Mass. O unkind hard Heart!

Love when he shot me, sure mistook his Dart,
Or chang'd with Death, whose quick destroying Shaft
Thus drinks my Blood, thus with a full deep Draught.

[Stabs himself.]

Ros. Hold, cruel Prince! the Dagger from him wrest.

Han. Too late, alas! I drew it from his Breast.

Ros. What have you done?

Mass. Only my Body drain'd

Of that sick Blood, which *Hannibal* had stain'd:

What less than Death could I to Honour give?

And Love neglected charg'd me not to live.

Now you may take him, take him to you all,

This cruel, haughty, happy *Hannibal*.

Han. The bus'ness of our Life's a senseless Thing;

Why burns th' ambitious Man to be a King?

Or to what purpose does the Warrior call

For Arms? or Gown-men bustle in the Hall?

Sport for the Gods, they whirl us here and there,

As Boys blow watry Bubbles in the Air.

My Help!

Mass. Ah! let me not be touch'd by thee,

If Foes may capable of Pity be.

Your *Rosalinda* seize, and with her fly

To golden Beds; embrace her fast, while I

Within my dark and dusty Dungeon lie.

[Dies.]

Han. Clouds of ill-boding Thoughts my Soul dismay.

His Body to the *Roman* Camp convey,

Hears'd in a mourning Chariot softly tread,

And look so sad that they may think you dead.

[They bear off the Body.]

Ros. This your Suspicion of my Honour was:

See the Effects where Jealousy's the Cause.

Ah cruel Victor, I cou'd curse thee now;

With all thy Laurels blasted on thy Brow.

Love sickens with this Deed, my Transports fade,

Would we were both in Earth's low Cavern laid;

Curtain'd

Curtain'd with shady Horrors, where the Sun
And Stars their fiery Courses never run,
But all the Business of the World is done.

[Exit.]

Han. Oh that my Heart her future State could find ;
Know to what Good or Ill this Life's design'd.
Prudence against such Knowledge may advise :
But who of all Mankind was always wise ?
For the great Secret to the Gods I'll go ;
And if they fail me, fathom for't below,
Tho' hid by Fate under a thousand Rocks,
And drag it up by the dark jetty Locks.
Let it as ghastly as a *Gorgon* come,
Stiff with the View, I will out-gaze my Doom. [Exit.]

S C E N E *the City of Cirta.*

Enter King Massinissa, and Menander. [Trumpets sound
a lofty March.]

K. Mas. Was ever Victory so swiftly won ?
We scarce had leisure to demand the Town :
Their Gates were open'd with such Haste and Fear,
As if our conqu'ring Swords enchanted were.

Men. *Syphax*, the great Usurper of your Throne,
Is to revenging Furies downwards gone :
In Hell's low Valleys grown the darkest Weed,
And feels the Stings that make Ambition bleed.

K. Mas. Straight to the Palace bid our Forces turn,
Where *Sophonisba* does her Losses mourn.
We'll visit that forsworn illustrious Fair,
To let her see how unconcern'd we are.

Men. Since you have promis'd that you will forsake,
Why should your Virtue needless Trials make ?
Love, tho' scarce warm, within your Bosom pent,
Fann'd with her kindling Sighs, may get a Vent :
Like Heat which stifled in some closer space,
If any Air gets in, fires all the place.

K. Mas.

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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K. Mas. Dar'st thou suspect? I say, it cannot be;
Has Air, or its wing'd Rangers, Liberty?
Loose like the Wind, as the wide Ocean free,
My enlarg'd Soul rolls wantonly along,
Can hear unmov'd the warbling *Syren's* Song;
Braving her Eyes, her Falshood I'll upbraid,
For those rude Wrongs she on my Virtue laid.

Men. Your Majesty best knows what's fit to chuse;
I humbly offer'd what you may refuse.

K. Mas. Perhaps my present Rage I may not keep;
For she has Words would make the Cruel weep.
And Charms as powerful as *Circe's* Wiles,
As ravish'd Virgins Sighs, or Infants Smiles.
But I more blind with Rage than she with Tears,
Maugre the Cunning which her Sorrow wears,
Her Hopes will laugh at, and despise her Fears.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE The Palace.

Enter Sophonisba, Rezambe, and Merna.

Soph. Rome and the World against my Life combine;
Methinks I'm still a Queen while this is mine.
Tho' Massinissa, has the King o'erthrown,
And his victorious Troops possess the Town;
Yet *Sophonisba* is, and shall be free,
Spite of the frighted Senators Decree.
They blush to see this Life so glorious shine,
And fear their Eagles Eyes should dazzl'd be with mine.
Merna, if I have ought from thee deserv'd,
Be grateful thus, and thou hast nobly serv'd.

Mer. Not for the World.

Soph. Rezambe; thou art brave,
Strike, and the *Carthaginian* Glory save:
How will the Just, the Valiant, and the Wise,
Extol thy Virtue and thy Courage prize?
Who durst the Softness of thy Sex forego,
And free thy Country with one desp'rate Blow;
A Deed that will e'en *Hannibal* out-do.

Rez.

Rez. Rather than I would live to see those Hands,
Which Kings have kiss'd, fetter'd with *Roman Bands*,
That Body like a Pageant Wretch adorn'd,
Gracing the Victor's Wheels your Greatness scorn'd;
Rather than this endure, by all that's good,
I'd bathe this Dagger in your Life's warm Flood,
Till the Haft reek'd with your Heart's Royal Blood.

Soph. O thou most noble martial Maid,
If by thy Eyes my Soul could be survey'd,
Thou wouldst believe what cannot be express'd,
How dear thou art to *Sophonisba's* Breast.
Thy Voice like sad, but pleasing Musick flew;
Like dying Swans, 'twas sweet and fatal too.
Now strike, and bravely act thy tragick part;
Just here, strike thro' and thro' this wretched Heart.

Rez. Death's our last Remedy, as 'tis the worst:
'Tis fit you try the Victor's Mercy first.
Prince *Massinissa* lov'd you once; who knows
But the same Passion in his Bosom glows?
Blow it into a Flame, try all your Charms;
Love laughs at brandish'd Swords and glitt'ring Arms.

Mer. Never was Man like *Massinissa* kind,
By Nature mild, and amorously inclin'd.
Not vanquish'd *Syphax* dying fell so low,
As this charm'd Prince will to your Beauty bow.

Rez. Imputed Treachery you ought to clear;
Let Guilt shrink back, and Innocence appear:
I'll hide the Ponyard in my Robe; if he
Dooms you a Slave, this gives you Liberty.

Soph. When breach of Faith join'd Hearts does disengage,
The calmest Temper turns to wildest Rage:
He thinks me false, tho' I have been most true;
And thinking so, what may his Fury do?

Rez. His Trumpets Clangors make the Palace ring;
Here wait your Fate, and this victorious King.

Enter King Massinissa, Menander, Attendants.

K. Mas. Madam, I come to tell you that you are
No more a Queen, but Prisoner of War.

The

The King, whose Loss 'tis probable you grieve,
To whose lov'd Memory those Tears you give,
For Judgment is to Heav'n's Tribunal gone,
And now I come to claim my Father's Throne.
You in the War have been unfortunate;
Not but your Cause deserv'd a better Fate.

Soph. Of Empire's Joys to you a Gift I make,
More willingly than I did ever take.
Freely as ever *Syphax* made it mine,
To *Massinissa* I my Crown resign. (spise:

K. Mas. Not as your Gift; Crowns I should then de-
But as my Right by Birth and Valour's Prize,
My Father *Galla's* Diadem I'll bear,
And all the Royalities of *Cirta* wear.

Soph. These Springs of Grief Unkindness now supplies.

K. Mas. *Syphax* deserv'd that Tribute from your Eyes.

Soph. There is a Cause more worthy of these Tears.

K. Mas. More worthy! what, than *Syphax*? for your
Did he not Fame and Empire Victims make, (fake
Giving Love over-measure, when at last
He threw his Life up for you as a Cast?

Soph. If what I spake might kindly be receiv'd—
But Misery can never be believ'd.

K. Mas. Not you believ'd! O God, is it clear Day?
So manifest are all Things that you say.
Not you believ'd! what harden'd Infidel
Shall dare to doubt the Oracles you tell?

Soph. I will, when Sorrow shall permit me, speak;
But sure my Heart must with Unkindness break.

K. Mas. 'Tis possible; yet, Madam, e'er I go,
Express your Will, for I have much to do:
My Men I have not plac'd; my Father's Throne
We have not fill'd; I must, I must be gone.

Menander, do we triumph?

Men. Bravely, Sir;
All like your self, and more than Conqueror.

Rez. *Merna*, we're lost: for with a haughty Scorn
He turns away, and smiles to see her mourn.

Soph. Are you not *Massinissa* call'd?

K. Mas.

K. *Maff.* I am.

Soph. Have you not heard of *Sophonisba's* Name?

She who unmov'd your high Disdain endures;

Yet *Sophonisba*, who was always your's. ———

K. *Maf.* Oh Heavens!

Soph. Whom wasting Cares did all the Day devour,

Who watch'd all Night, counting each tedious Hour :

And never found that there were Joys in Power.

K. *Maf.* Ha! *Sophonisba*! yes, I knew her well,

That Angel fair, and lov'd her e'er she fell.

Oh, *Sophonisba*, hadst thou but a Mind

Half beauteous as the Case where 'tis enshrind,

Thou wert——but she is dangerous to name;

My Reason's snatch'd by my tempestuous Flame.

Menander help——

Or I shall sink in the Abyfs of Thought,

My Vows, my Friendship, Glory, all forgot :

As when we launch into the Sea, the Land (Strand.

Goes backward, with the Trees, and all the neighb'ring

Men. Be gone, my Lord, you're ruin'd if you stay.

K. *Maf.* What, from the vanquish'd shall we run away?

Men. Still there's some Hopes, since at her Name he
And now he eyes her with a kindling Look. (shook.

Rez. With that last Glance methought Love shot him
there.

K. *Maf.* Yes, Madam, this is *Massinissa*.

I am (to thy Confusion be it known)

A walking Grave with Sorrows over-grown,

With rooted Cares and every baneful Weed,

That nightly Watchings and pale Troubles breed.

Once I was free from these, and flourish'd fair,

Like a tall Tree I blossom'd in the Air ;

My chearful Friends like Birds about me sung,

Free from the Charms of thy deceitful Tongue,

And ripening Hopes blooming around me hung ;

Till thou, fair Murd'refs, didst like Lightning fall,

And blasted Blossoms, Branches, Root and all.

Soph. O, *Massinissa*, hear I this from thee?

K. *Maf.* 'Tis equally a Truth from him or me,
Or any here ——why, Madam, not from me?

But

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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But if my Presence should a Trouble prove,
I will for ever from your Sight remove.

Soph. Stay, *Massinissa*, stay, my Life, my Soul;
Why do your Eyes with such strange Motion roll?
Your Fury in this Heart that loves you hide.

K. Mas. Where does the Searcher of the Soul reside,
Who thro' blind Tracks finds out a Woman's Heart?
Lo here's a Bar, a Stop to all his Art:

Who would not swear that such a Love is true?

Soph. Do I not love you? by the Gods I do.

K. Mas. Oh thou Dissembler; Once this would have
But all thy practis'd Wiles at last are known. (done;

Just so she talk'd, and so she wept before,
And with that beauteous honest Look she swore.

Gods! if I stay, I shall believe again;
Farewel, thou greatest Pleasure, greatest Pain.

Soph. By all your Loves, this cannot, must not be;
Those cruel Words could not be meant to me:

To me, who love you with a Heart entire,

A Flame more lasting than the Vestal's Fire:

To me, who am indeed all one Desire.

Ah, Prince, thy Love is all my Light and Health,

The Treasure I would hoard, my only Wealth;

Take not that from me.

K. Mas. 'Tis but vain Delay.

Soph. Unkindly urg'd; why do you turn away? [*Kneels.*
You shall not go till you have left me dead.

My Tears till now were never vainly shed.

O hear my Sighs, my Vows, ye Pow'rs above,

If any Pow'r like me could ever love:

Let loose your Fires, and thaw his frozen Heart;

And thou, dread God of Love, try every Dart.

You sha' not stir.

[*Weeps.*

K. Mas. What means this rising Flood?

Soph. Nature will start at such Ingratitude;
Revenge on after Ages this Disgrace,

And only Monsters make of human Race:

Inhuman thou.

K. Mas. She shall not; yet she shall:
She grasps my Heart, and cries, she'll have it all.

'Tis

'Tis so, her Eyes resistless Magick bear,
 Angels I see, and Gods are dancing there.
 Rise, Madam, rise; each Sigh, each softning Glance,
 Lulls my loud Wrongs; I'm hush'd and in a Trance.

Men. His Sighs flow from him with so strong a Gale,
 As if his Soul would thro' his Lips exhale.

Soph. Cou'd you be thus? on your poor Mistress frown?
 What was my Fault, alas! what have I done?

K. Mas. Nothing; why nothing; only this thou art,
 My Life, my Soul, my Spirits, Blood, and Heart;
 Whose Hands least thrilling Touch does please above
 The very Act of any other Love.

Gods, how she charms! none sure was e'er like thee;
 Nor wild as I; Storms borrow Rage of me,
 But thou art soft, and sweet, and silent all,
 As Births of Roses, or as Blossoms fall.

Soph. This Rose that sticks so near your Heart will fade,
 When planted by your Hand in Death's cold Shade.

K. Mas. By mine! Not Savages would harm thy
 Breast;

On whose refreshing Pillows *Jove* might rest,
 And with immortal Sweets be ever blest.
 So fair, 'tis well thou art not faithful too;
 I could not bear my Bliss if thou wert true.

Soph. Think me not false, tho' I did *Syphax* wed,
 Who ever was a Stranger to my Bed.
 Forc'd by my Father's positive Command,
 I must confess I suffer'd him my Hand:
 Heaven curse me if I ever granted more;
 Cou'd I be his, having been yours before?

K. Mas. Why do you stop? Still as a Statue low
 I stand, nor shall the Wind presume to blow.
 Speak, and it shall be Night: not one shall dare
 To sigh, tho' on the Rack he tortur'd were,
 Nor for his Soul whisper a dying Prayer.

Soph. Make your Love long, and let it burn less fast:
 These sudden Raptures are too hot to last.

K. Mas. Right, Madam; long if we such Joys should
 The furious Transports of Delight would kill. (feel,

Menander to the Temple lead away,
By my clear Fame this is our Marriage-Day.

Soph. Your Fame does far above all Censure sit,
Free from the Taunts of low repining Wit.
Kings tho' they err, should never be arraign'd;
But if I yield, my Glory will be stain'd.
What will the World report of such a Bride,
Who marry'd the same Day her Husband died?

K. Mas. Since *Scipio* is your mortal Enemy,
It must be so upon Necessity;
Who yet will not molest you, being mine.

Soph. Then to the Gods let me my Breath resign.

K. Mas. Can you consent, rather than be my Wife,
To hazard Honour, Liberty, and Life?

Soph. But, Sir——

K. Mas. But, Madam, say what you can say,
You ought not, must not, and I cannot stay,
One Minute more casts both our Lives away.

Soph. Know, mighty Prince, I was, and am the same;
And tho' the World this Act may justly blame,
I will be yours, and in that way you name:
But first by all the Gods and' Glory swear,
Rather than yield me up *Rome's* Prisoner,
That you some fatal Token will present,
To free me from inglorious Punishment.

K. Mas. I swear by Heav'n, by Glory, and by Arms,
By something more, by your own conqu'ring Charms,
You shall be ever from the *Romans* free;
Or I by Death will give you Liberty.

Soph. Now lead me where you please.

K. Mas. A Taste of Bliss:

The God of Marriage seal our Vows with this: [*Kisses her.*
Nectar, and Flames, the Sweets of *Hibla* grow,
About her Lips ambrosial Odours flow.
Let melancholy Monarchs Counsel take,
Wed by Advice, and sullen Nuptials make;
But I prefer what thus my Arms infold,
To all the Wealth that Earth or Seas can hold,
To Rocks of Diamond, or to Hills of Gold.
Spite of proud *Rome*, and all her haughty Mien,
She was my Mistress, and shall be my Queen.



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Bellona's Temple.

An Altar is shown, with a Soldier lying upon it, arm'd all but his Head: Aglave, Cumana, standing each upon a Tripod, with Daggers in their right Hands, and Censers in their left.

Agla.



'E R we our solemn Rites begin,
The sacred Cavern purge from Sin:
About the dreadful Altar go;
about it Incantations blow.

Cum. The dire Oblation thus we drain,

And with his Blood our Temples stain.

The Screech-Owl warns us with her Note,

Strike your Dagger in his Throat;

Gash him deep and suck his Blood,

Prepare his frighted Ghost a Shroud.

Agla. Rise, ye sulph'rous Flames, arise,

Consume the baleful Sacrifice;

That of his Ashes we may take,

And clotted Cinders with 'em rake,

And Viands for *Bellona* make.

Cum. Our Goddesses smil'd: 'Tis done, 'tis done;

The *Romans* have the Battle wone.

From yonder Battlement of Heav'n

I saw the *Carthaginians* driv'n.

They fly, they fly, the Consul there

Pursues 'em thro' long Tracks of Air;

He puts their General to rout,

And drives them like a Storm about.

Agla. Our Goddesses shall have Death enough;

Her Shrine with Fat of Thousands stuff,

With

With gory Heads her Altar fill;
And Tuns of Blood upon 'em spill.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Cum. But lo, who comes, what, what are these,
That pry into our Mysteries?

Speak, speak, *Aglave*; I'll be gone,
Their Business know, I'll come anon;
The Fit of Prophecy's come on.

Our Goddesses does the Tunnel wind
And sacred Horrors swell my Mind.

[*Exit.*

Agl. What are you? and what is it you would know?

Han. Men call me *Hannibal*, Rome's dreadful Foe;
Who after many Battels lost and won,
Resolve to perish, or my Conquest crown.
One Day the World's great Empire must decide;
But, what the Gods and that great Day provide,
We wish to know, who dare the worst abide.

Agl. *Cumana* to the sacred Tunnel cleaves,
Her Breast enlarg'd, the Goddesses now receives;
And now she rages like a *Bacchanal*,
With Furies acted, rends the holy Veil:
Full of the Deity, about she roams,
Stares, gapes, and on the hallow'd Curtain foams;
Cuts her hot Flesh, grovels upon the Ground,
Sings, dances, kicks the golden Tripods round.

*Enter Cumana scratching her Face, stabbing a Dagger
into her Arms; Spirits following her.*

Sings.

*Beneath the Poplar's Shadow lay me,
No raging Fires will there dismay me:
Near some Silver Current lying,
Under sleepy Poppies dying.
I swell and am bigger than Typhon e'er was;
With a strong Band of Brass, O bind me about,
Lest my Body should burst, for the Secret to pass,
And a Vent being given, the Fury get out.*

Vol. III.

C

I cannot

I cannot, I will not be vexed any longer.

While I rage I grow weak, and the Goddess grows stronger.

She speaks.

If Hannibal to Zama tend,
His Valour Scipio shall commend;
And near Bagrada, on the Plain,
There shall be thousand Romans slain.
Thou with thy old Italian Band
Shalt put the Consul to a Stand.

Sings.

Hark, hark, the Drums rattle,
Dub a dub to the Battle;
Tarara, tarara, the Trumpets too rattle.
Now, now they come on, and pell-mell they mingle.
What rustling and bustling;
And Splinters of Lances with broken Arms jingle,
Gold Trappings, bright Bevers, Swords, Bucklers and
Daggers;
The stout Man flies on, and the faint-hearted laggards.

See, the Saddle-Girts burst,
And the General's unhorst;
But he rallies again,
And brings up his Men,
Spite of Fortune and Fate,
And the Gods that oppose,
He hacks, and he hews,
Thro' the Hearts of his Foes.

Cease, Goddess, cease thy Servant to torment;
My Lungs are with prophetick Fury spent.
The struggling Fates within my Bosom turn,
And heavenly Fires my trembling Heart-strings burn.
When will thy Godhead let me rest,
Too mighty for a mortal Breast?

Agla. Cumana, to a Period haste;
You shall have Ease when you have done,
And sweet refreshing Slumbers taste
Upon the Borders of the Moon.

A Dance

Hannibal's Overthrow.

31

A Dance of Spirits.

Cum. Lo, afar off the curst *Bithynian* Band,
A poison'd General rules upon the Sand.
Gods! how he swells! how bloated is his Look!
Death from the Pummel of his Sword he took. [Exit.

Han. Shall *Romans* fall by *Carthaginians* Swords,
And *Carthage* sink? what mean these mystick Words?
A foolish Bard as much as this might tell;
Or a white Witch, without the Aid of Hell.
More I must know; speak *Rosalinda's* Doom:
Let all the Losses of a Battel come,
May *Scipio* in the Dust our Glory foil,
We'll bear the Frowns of *Mars*, if *Cupid* smile.

Agla. Too curious Mortal, seek not what once known,
May snatch your Sleep, and make you ever groan.
Your Fate crouds back, and would not come in view;
Do not too far th' unwilling Gods pursue:
Like one who rashly dares give Spirits chase,
They fly awhile to some dark ruin'd Place,
Thro' Caverns run, thro' Cloisters dog him round,
Or dance before him over fairy Ground;
Till urg'd too far, a Face all pale and sad
Turns quick upon him, and the Fool runs mad.

Bom. Let's go, my Lord; I am not us'd to fear,
And yet methinks I dread to tarry here.

Mab. Heaps of the Slain I often have beheld,
And with my Battle-ax have hundreds fell'd;
Yet here I'm shaken, th' Objects too funest,
I'd rather see a Javelin at my Breast.

Han. *Aglave*, by your Goddess' Arms I swear,
We will not from the sacred Cavern stir,
Till you have clear'd my Doubts; tho' every Star
At your dread Call start from his flaming Sphere;
Tho' from her Orb, close mantled in a Cloud,
The Moon slide down to wander in this Wood,
Tho' with your Charms the Sun dissolve in Blood:
Fathom the Depth of Destiny below,
And all the Terrors of your Magick show.

C 2

Agla.

Agl. Beneath those burden'd Branches stand,
Safe from the Spirit I command.
Arise, appear, thou whom his Soul does love,
His Heart with visionary Horrors move.

Rosalinda rises in a Chair, pale, with a Wound on her Breast; two Cupids descend, and hang weeping over her.

Han. Shall *Rosalinda* then untimely die?
'Tis false, and all these damn'd Deceivers lye.
Facing thy Fate, with my own Sword I'll stand,
Back'd with my conqu'ring old *Italian* Band,
With the same haughty Fierceness rushing on,
Which the *Saguntines* City thunder'd down;
Like *Troy's* young Hero;
Who, while the World about him did admire,
His Father bore thro' Night, Death, Blood and Fire,
Spite of opposing Hell, and War's worst Arms,
So I will bear my Love upon my Arms.

Bom. To Horse, my Lord; and leave this cursed Place:
Let's go and instantly the Consul face.

Mab. No more, in this damn'd Sorcerers confide;
Permit my Sword her Body to divide:
Or from her Corps cut her enchanted Head,
And her black Brains upon the Altar shed.

Han. We'll go, *Maherbal*; with to-morrow's Dawn,
On the vast Plain our Squadrons shall be drawn.
Yet for some Minutes Battel shall decline;
We'll see this Consul e'er our Bodies join;
And if on equal Terms a Peace may be,
For *Carthage* sake I'll court my Enemy.

Bom. 'Tis just you should Deliberation take,
With Caution deal, and manage the last Stake.

Mab. Your Armies are the Cards which both must play;
At least come off a Saver if you may.

Han. But like *Sol's* Offspring, swell'd with dang'rous
He to the Management of all aspires; (Fires,
Alone the Scepter of the World would sway,
Alone would rule the Heaven, and drive the Day.

Like

Anachronism

Hannibal's Overtbrow.

53

Like that indulgent God, I'll first advise;
Shew him the Tracks thro' which Ambition flies:
If deaf to all, let him ascend the Throne,
Snatching at Glories which must weigh him down;
Like *Jove* we'll toss him from his glitt'ring Chair,
Sing'd in the Clouds, hissing thro' liquid Air,
And dart him headlong like a falling Star.

} [Exeunt.

Enter Scipio, meeting Lælius disarm'd; Varro, Trebellius.

Scip. *Lælius* return'd and sad! tell the Event.

Læ. Too late, my Lord, I was to *Cirta* sent;
For e'er some thousand Paces got from hence,
I *Massinissa* met, that wretched Prince;
Not as I us'd, arm'd with a Warriour's Grace,
Like *Mars* when thundring on the Plains of *Thrace*,
But in a Chariot drawn by milk-white Steeds,
Like soft *Adonis* driving thro' the Meads,
And *Sophonisba* leaning on his Breast,
Like *Venus* with her wanton Huntsman blest.

Scip. Are these his Vows? Some new way we must try;
Rather than live dishonour'd, he shall die.

Læ. Soon as the Tyrant *Syphax* was o'erthrown,
With Menaces he forc'd the frighted Town;
Which enter'd, straight he to the Palace flew,
Forgetting all his Vows, he lov'd anew,
The conquer'd did the Conqueror subdue.
In short, her Tears, and Beauty won so far,
In view of all the World he married her.
They are arriv'd, and now upon the Plain,
In a Pavilion Royal do remain.

Scip. Trebellius, go, this subtle Charmer bring:
Take all our Guards t'assist against the King;
And say that we'll attend him in his Tent,
But first expect the Queen be Prisoner sent:
Tell him she is the *Romans* Foe; and shall
A Sacrifice for Blood of Thousands fall.

} [Exeunt severally.

Enter King Maffiniffa, Sophonisba.

K. Mas. Let him arm all his Pow'r against this Breast,
My Heart unmov'd shall stand the mighty Test.
What I have sworn shall like thy Virtue last;
I'll hold thee to me as my Heart-strings fast.
Thou Soul of Love! all charming Excellence!
Whose very Looks drives stormy Troubles hence,
Does all the Blessings of the Gods dispense.
Why dost thou tremble? let not saucy Fear,
Make thy Heart pant, or cause thee shed a Tear.

Soph. Alas, my Lord, 'twere better I were dead,
In my cold Grave, safe from these Troubles laid;
Rather ten thousand Racks let me endure,
Than once be brought into the *Roman* Pow'r.
'Tis true, that you have deeply sworn you would
Defend me.

K. Mas. To my Heart's last drop of Blood;
Or may I by some Coward mangled lie,
And Dogs and Vultures tear me as I die.
The Tygress will revenge her ravish'd Young,
'Midst Darts, and Spears, and Javelins rush along:
The Clown, so low and ignorant of Fame,
Will venture Life to save his swarthy Dame:
And shall not I for thee waste all this Blood,
Thou softest Blessing, and the sweetest Good?

Soph. I know not what the Gods for you intend;
But 'tis most certain I am near my End:
Not that Death's darkest Horror I can fear;
But Bondage is a Load I cannot bear.

K. Mas. Quit all those Fancies that disturb thy Rest,
And cast thy Melancholy on this Breast.
This Heart is ever thine.

Soph. O my lov'd Lord;
If you should break—but you will keep your Word,
Keep all your Oaths; yet Heaven and you know best,
Some surfeit with their Love, as on a Feast,
And then they loath when once they're satiated;
But you'll remember me when I am dead.

From

From these dear Eyes to endless Shades remov'd,
None e'er will love you sure as I have lov'd.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Guards wait without — My Lord you must re-
The Queen, whom I have Orders to confine. (sign

K. Mas. Touch her not for thy Life, but streight retire,
Safer thou may'st with Thunder play, kiss Fire,
Grapple with Death, a Pestilence invade,
With all his fatal purple Pomp array'd.

[*Trebellius goes to seize her, Massinissa kills him.*

Treb. Cut off in my full Growth! curse on your Strife;
To die thus, when I Business had for Life.

Just *Scipio* will revenge my Death, beware;

I feel I'm going, tho' I know not where. [*Dies.*

K. Mas. Nought but thy Blood cou'd wash thy Guilt
What durst the Rancour of thy Heart display, (away,

And sully with rude Hands the fairest Piece
That the Gods ever drew? Your Troubles cease:

I'm in; and now no Hope of Safety's nigh,

Yet still a King, we will attended die.

Like a brave Merchant,

Who when his long-toss'd loaded Vessel hits

Against some Rock, and with loud Horrour splits;

First grasps one Casket which does all contain,

Then fearless, shoots himself into the Main:

So I with thee, my only Wealth, my All,

Amidst the num'rous slain at last must fall.

The Noise comes near: Here safe retire from view,

Glory and Love shall teach us what to do. [*Exit Soph.*

Enter Scipio, Lælius, Varro, Guards.

Læl. *Trebellius* slain! and in a Woman's Cause!

Shame to our Arms, Disgrace to Honour's Laws.

What Flames of Mischief from this Spark might rise?

'Tis just with Rigour you his Fault chastise.

Scip. Yet *Massinissa*, thou shalt dearly buy

Thy ill-got Love, and fatal Gallantry:

Curl on in wanton Ways, bask in her Charms,
By *Mars* she is a Victim to our Arms.

King Massinissa meets him.

K. Mas. Your high Displeasure in your Face I spy :
When the great *Scipio* frowns great Danger's nigh.
The Fact I must confess, done in defence
Of Beauty wrong'd, and helpless Innocence.

Scip. Where is that fair Incendiary fled ;
E'er to extremest Rigour we proceed,
I strictly charge thee bring her forth to bleed ;
Or on thy Person I will Vengeance take,
And thou shalt perish for thy Mistress' sake.

K. Mas. With greedy Joy I offer you my Life,
If by the Gods you'll swear to free my Wife.

Scip. You shall not for her sake have leave to die,
Nor will I give her Life or Liberty.
For *Rome*, not for your sake this War was wag'd,
You only as a Voluntier engag'd :
Therefore whatever Towns or Captives fall
Into your hands, they are the *Romans* all.

K. Mas. Then thus I draw ; think it not Insolence,
For it's not meant, Sir, in my own Defence,
But to preserve a sacred Innocence.
From their bright Thrones perhaps the Gods will glide,
And range themselves in Battel on my side :
Beneath a Cause so just I cannot fall,
I and the Gods will fight it with you all.

Scip. Thou deemst thy Lust an Action great and good ;
Deathought to cool this Fever in thy Blood.
With me contending against Fate you strive,
Yet I will Pity shew ; take him alive.

K. Mas. Ingloriously you have a Conquest made,
That Breast my tim'rous Arm durst not invade.
My Heart, tho' prompted by her pow'ful Charms,
Fainted before the Master of my Arms.
Nor shall you yet my Soul's lov'd Treasure reach,
My Body thus dams up the narrow Breach:
And he who dares—

Rashly

Hannibal's Overthrow.

57

Rashly on this forbidden Earth to tread,
I'll grasp his Soul, I'll spurn him to the Dead.

Trumpets within, enter Menander.

Scip. What means this mournful Noise, whose tragick
Sound

With solemn Horror does my Thoughts confound?

Men. O sacred Sir!

Scip. What, Soldier, all in Tears?

Men. Sorrow her self close Mourner now appears;
The Prince *Massina* slain: See blasted there,
The Hopes you lov'd, the darling of the War
That beauteous Captive who with you did treat,
He to the *Carthaginian* Camp did wait:
Where *Hannibal* of 's Beauty jealous grown,
Cast him in Bands; but when his Birth was known,
As soon unbound; but then Despair did move,
Despair of Glory, and Despair of Love:
Which when the Royal Youth had rashly weigh'd,
And Fate with murm'ring Thoughts awhile delay'd;
A Ponyard from his Robe unmark'd he took,
And to his Heart the deadly Weapon strook.

Scip. Behold, of furious Love the dire Event!
Yet, *Massinissa*, wilt thou not repent?
Behold the Pledge you left, for your default,
By Heaven's high Justice to Perdition brought.

K. Mas. Was ever Man thus wretched, and durst live?
Yet will I not one Tear to Nature give;
Left Bankrupt-like I lavish what's not mine,
Since all my stock of Sorrow, Love, is thine.

Scip. Remove the Prince's Body from his Sight,
Left too much Grief should to Distraction fright.
Yet if thou'lt bring her forth, we will forget
This daring Rashness which is Passion's heat;
Thy Glory too with Laurels we'll advance,
And with due Praise thy valiant Acts inhance:
Thy Pile of Honour this right Hand shall build.
Why dost thou weep?

K. Mas. Because I dare not yield:

No, Sir, my Love I never can betray,
Tho' you have touch'd me in the noblest way.

Scip. Canst thou both Promises and Threats refuse?

K. Mas. Death, or what's worse, you only bid me chuse.

Scip. Bring forth thy Love, and Life thou shalt enjoy.

K. Mas. Is that a Life? Your purpose act; destroy:
Turn all your Javelins Points against this Breast;
But let it not of Love be dispossest.

Scip. Must I, who can command, thus vainly sue?

K. Mas. My stubborn Heart Death only can subdue.

Scip. Then take that Death which you so little dread.

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. Stay, Tyrant, hold; first thou shalt strike me dead:
Come on, with thy brave Sword rip up my Breast,
And fix my panting Heart on thy proud Crest;
There let it hang, thy Valour's Trophy grown,
To all the wondring World let it be shown:
That none but Fools the Conquest may deplore,
While all the Brave admire the Conqueror:
A Conqueror so great, with one sole Blow,
He cou'd even *Hercules* himself out-do.
O Heavens! he durst attempt, (what shall I say?
What Words his Heart's fierce Grandeur can display?)
In heat of Blood he durst a Woman slay!

Scip. When Ladies rail, a Soldier should be mute:
Besides, I have no Leisure to dispute.

As *Helen* did to *Troy* Perdition bring,
Where'er you come, your Eyes Destruction fling.
When will your thirsty Charms with Blood be cloy'd?
Two Kings you have like that fair *Greek* destroy'd:
Spite of your Pride, you shall to *Rome* be led;
And there, for all your Witchcrafts, lose your Head.

Soph. On with thy Threats, thy violent course pursue:
Enjoy thy bloody Wishes, Tyger, do;
Barbarian, for in *Rome* thou wert not born;
By such a Wretch her Glories are not worn,
Unless when dress'd up to be sacrific'd:
To thee, the *Moors* and *Goths* are civiliz'd,

Gorge

Gorge thy self, *Saturn*, make my Flesh thy Food,
And laugh when thou art drunk with a Queen's Blood.

K. Mas. All will be well; fair Excellence, retire;
Add not fresh Fuel to the dying Fire.

Soph. To you, and Heaven, my Heart must ever bow;
Consul, with thee I am not angry now.

Scip. Observe, ungovern'd Prince, with how much ease
This Royal Foe we, if we would, might seize;
Yet, on your Promise that he shall not go,
Till we the Fate of War at *Zama* know,
We will permit her in your Tent remain.

But O my Friend, break this inglorious Chain,
Contrive some means to keep your Faith with me;
And set your Heart from that curst Charmer free. [*Exit.*

K. Mas. O rigid Honour, must we sep'rate then!
Lose all the Sweetness of Life to purchase Pain!

Men. If she were dead, your Glory were secure.

K. Mas. But could I then this wretched Life endure?
Without her live? It's fatal to refuse,
And Glory ruins me if Love I chuse.
What help, *Menander*?

Men. 'Tis the Sport of Heav'n,
When Ships on Rocks are in the Harbour driv'n:
Having through thousand stormy Dangers past,
In prospect of your Bliss, you're wrack'd at last.

K. Mas. Like one, who having scap'd the Waves,
arrives

To some lone Rock, and there more wretched lives;
Half famish'd, on the rugged Flint he stands,
Viewing with watry Eyes the distant Strands,
And past his Call, Men walking on the Lands:
With Sighs he swells the Wind; and looking round,
Mourns his sad Choice, or to be starv'd or drown'd.

[*Exeunt*





ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Hannibal and Scipio.

Han.



ART thou the Chief whom Men fam'd
Scipio call?

Scip. Art thou the much more famous
Hannibal?

Han. Since by our partial Fate it is
ordain'd,

That I, who have such dreadful Battels gain'd,
That, Torrent like, which from some Mountain falls,
Ran from the cloudy *Alps* to *Rome's* proud Walls,
Shou'd now at last for Peace inglorious sue;
I thank the Gods that they have chosen you
To reap that Honour by this Interview.

Scip. In civil Praise, and from so brave a Foe,
True Courage does a Sense of Pleasure show:
Thy Words inspire me with such vast Delight,
'Twill scarce be more to vanquish thee in Fight.

Han. 'Twas much the Gods to our Fore-fathers gave,
That you should *Italy*, we *Africk* have.
Our *Africk* Arms much *Roman* Blood have spilt,
And *Carthage* has the *Roman* Fury felt.
What say'st thou, *Scipio*, is it Peace or War?
Th' Invasion made by us we will repair:
We'll give you *Sicily*, *Sardinia*, *Spain*,
And all the Islands which our Arms did gain
'Twixt *Italy* and *Africk* on the Main.
Thy boiling Courage does to War incline,
And Glory more than Profit you design,
Such Fortune once did on our Genius shine:
But long Experience and the Chance of War,
Makes me at present certain Peace prefer.

Grasp

Hannibal's Overtthrow.

Grasp not at Scepters, which may turn to Rods;
To day is yours; to morrow is the Gods;

Scip. That your late landing upon *Leptis'* Coast,
Restor'd those Hopes which drooping *Carthage* lost,
All must confess; we know you are that Man,
Whose Glory to the utmost *Thule* ran;
Born in a Winter's Camp, in Battels bred,
Whilst yet a Stripling durst an Army head,
Whose very Name could make the *Romans* mourn,
And forc'd dead Groans from ev'ry hollow Urn:
The boldest Senators begun to droop;
Yet when all fainted, I alone stood up,
And fac'd that Storm which threaten'd from afar;
Shot warmth, and rose upon 'em like a Star:
To *Africk* came, and in few Months retriev'd
All that your Arms for many Years atchiev'd.
Peace I refuse, unless you offer more:
You give nought yet but what was ours before.
Since all the neighbour Kings our Actions eye,
It rests at last we should our Fortune try;
Let one victorious be, the other die.

Han. Gods, that the glorious *Hannibal* should bow
To be refus'd! It shall be Battel now.
Forgetful Hero, couldst thou court the Son,
Twice by whose Force his Father was o'erthrown?
Scipio, thou mayst too late repent thy Pride,
And vainly in thy Death this Fury chide.
On *Fabius* think, *Rome's* Shield, her Guard from harms;
Her Sword, *Marcellus*, broken by my Arms:
Remember great *Emilius* slain by me;
And then think last what may thy Fortune be,
E'er yet the Day be done,
With Seas of Gore we'll drown the neighb'ring Wood,
And yonder Sun shall set in *Roman* Blood.

Scip. Prepare to hear thy last Alarms.

Han. In Battel we shall meet; to Arms, to Arms.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Rosalinda in Man's Apparel.

Ref. Thus drest, and with this warlike Weapon
 What hinders but an Army I lead on? (drawn,
 O cruel Nature, why didst thou disgrace
 So brave a Spirit with a Female Face?
 All Women wou'd, but sure no Woman can,
 Be chang'd into that lordly Creature Man.
 However with this Garb I fit my Mind,
 Whose high Ambition has great Things design'd:
 I'll out, and chase, if *Hannibal* succeeds;
 And if he falls, then *Rosalinda* bleeds.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. Both Wings are lost, the *Carthaginians* yield,
 Fierce *Caius Lælius* drives them thro' the Field:
 The *Gauls* and the *Ligurians* quit their Ground;
 The *Massilian* King does all confound:
 With such swift Force his Arms our Troops assail,
 As Hurricanes tofs Showers, and scatter Hail.

Bom. Wild as our Elephants, about he raves,
 And tramples on those mercenary Slaves,
 Whose scouring thro' the Field avoid his Stroke,
 And fly like Flocks of Doves before a Hawk.

Mab. Your valiant old *Italian* Troops stand fast,
 Resolv'd to fight your Battel to the last.
 The conqu'ring Consul riding o'er the Plain,
 With all his Officers and bravest Men,
 The *Hastati* and *Triarii*, this way comes,
 With Trumpets sounding, and with beat of Drums.

Han. Auspicious *Juno*, thou that didst e'er while
 Favour our Cause, and on our *Carthage* smile;
 Prosper our Arms this bloody dreadful Day,
 And *Hannibal* shall the Foundation lay
 Of such a Temple sacred to thy Name,
 As ne'er was found in the Records of Fame.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter King Massinissa, Lælius.

K. Mas. Their Flight has wing'd the Cowards; let 'em
Not worthy by such conqu'ring Swords to die. (fly,
'Tis time we to the Consul should repair,
Rejoin our Forces, and conclude the War.

S C E N E of Hannibal and Scipio fighting,
the Consul gives Ground.

Enter King Massinissa and Lælius, and beat Hannibal off.

Scip. Gods, what prodigious Valour have you sent,
And what Rewards are worthy to present!

O Massinissa!

With what impetuous Swiftneſs Fortune's Wheel
Turn'd with thy Strokes! How did the Valiant reel;

Læl. As when ſome diſtant Lab'rer hews an Oak,
We ſee his Arm rais'd for a ſecond Stroak,

E're the firſt Blow's Report can reach our Ear;

So ſlagg'd our Senſe; nor could it reach him there.

Scip. Th' Italian Troops ſhrunk from his Martial Fire,

But *Hannibal* himſelf did laſt retire:

All Lion like,

Whom a bold Band of Huntſmen having found,

And dar'd to rouse, he rolls his Eyes around,

Lashing his Sides, and tearing up the Ground,

With Trouble from th' unequal Skirmiſh goes,

Majeſtick ſtalks, and turns upon his Foes;

So from the Fight went the great General,

Proud in his Loſs, and riſing in his Fall.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Soldiers ſkirmiſhing, Roſalinda falls.

Rof Heav'n thou haſt done thy worſt, there needs no }
Bold with my Overthrow, I brave thy Pow'r, (more; }
And ſhake the Glaſs that holds my lateſt Hour.

O Han-

O *Hannibal*! did I for this design
 This Heart, this Youth and Beauty only thine?
 Pride and Neglect on every Lover hurl'd,
 Scorn'd him that conquers thee, and all the World?
 From me, lost Hero, learn, be great and die:
 The Brave should bleed for loss of Victory.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. *Carthage* is lost, and *Hannibal* o'erthrown;
 What is there left that we may call our own?
 The bleeding World *Rome* does by Conquest claim,
 And swells the Prize with our revolted Fame:
 Yet spite of Fate our length of Earth we have;
 Thus vanquish'd, Glory shrowd thee in a Grave.

Bom. Hold, General; the Gods your Death forbid;
 Vengeance is due, first let false *Hanno* bleed,
 Who cut the Wings of Conquest till she fell.

Mab. By me he shall be headlong sent to Hell,
 Where Fiends for Treason kindle double Fire;
 Then let the famous *Hannibal* expire.

Ros. Sure I the Name of *Hannibal* did hear;
Maherbal, tell me, is the General there?

Mab. Approach, my Lord, view well this wounded
 Sure in your *Capuan* Mistress I have seen (Fair:
 The same majestick Air, and charming Mein.

Han. Ha! thou hast rouz'd a Thought that racks me
 Than all the Losses I in Battel bore. (more
 Either I dream, or in this closing Eye
 My dazzled Senses *Rosalinda* spy.

Ros. Where do th' ambitious rest? O *Hannibal*!

Han. What art, that dost upon the wretched call?

Ros. One that's more wretched, and more rash than
 That would to Fate, and not to *Scipio* bow. (thou,
 Disguis'd, and dying *Rosalinda* see,
 Who mourns in Death thy Loss of Victory:
 That last Disgrace.

Han. Dire Goddess, of this War,
 Too true I find all thy Presages are.

The Gods have giv'n a double Overthrow;
 Wou'd I had bravely perish'd by my Foe,
 Stretch'd in the Field, this Loss I had not known,
 Nor should my tortur'd Soul thy Ruin moan.

Rof. Is it so hard our Wishes to obtain?
 Sad Hearts with bleeding lose Love's burning Pain.

Han. O dying Fair, look up, revive awhile;
 With one short Joy eternal Care beguile:
 The setting Sun, all curtain'd round by Night,
 At his Departure gives a larger Light.

Rof. Flow faster Blood; it will not be, I fear,
 The Wound's too small, Death cannot enter here:
 But shall I stay behind when Honour's fled?

Han. Live, and I'll raise that Honour from the dead.

Rof. Renown runs on, like Time, but ne'er turns back.

Han. Then we that swift Renown will overtake:
 We'll haste where Glory baits, to every Hold,
 And mount new Fame till we out-strip the old.

Rof. Dear *Hannibal*, alas! I wish I cou'd:
 But 'twill not be; Life trembling takes the Flood,
 Till well nigh swallow'd up in Waves of Blood.
 The *Roman* Glory shines too fatal bright,
 And with its gathering Lustre dims my Sight:
 Eternally adieu: My Body take,
 Chaste and entire I kept it for your sake:
 'Tis the least Present that I now can make.

[Dies.]

Han. For ever gone! All her sweet Stock of Breath
 Spent in one Sigh; the Riot of rich Death.
 Now by my Arms the Gods too partial are,
 Or else they envy'd my full Trade of War;
 Which cou'd so vast a State of Beauty buy,
 As far surpass'd the Manors of the Sky.
 Dead *Rosalinda*—

Bom. Raise you from the Ground,
 And let not Love your Virtue's Force confound;
 Where is that Heat and haughty Courage gone,
 Which against Nature's Lets your Troops led on?

Mab. Think you for nought the Gods such Valour gave?
 You should prop Thrones, and falling Kingdoms save.

Bury'd

Bury'd in Thought, and deaf to Honour's Call,
Your Soul beneath her mighty pitch does fall.

Han. Maberbal, no; astonish'd thou shalt be;
We dare be brave in Spite of Destiny.
Tho' robb'd of all the Riches Love cou'd give,
And stript of Glory too, yet will we live:
Courage is form'd of the Etherial Mold,
And round it Bands of Adamant are roll'd.
To this still haughty Breast such Fire is given,
I could the Summons meet of Hell or Heaven:
Could, like the great eternal Mover, sway
The World in Arms, and teach him to obey.
'Twas noble Grief that lately chang'd my Form,
But I am ruffled now into a Storm.

Bom. Your Mistress' Body hence we will convey,
And in some hallow'd Vault her Relicks lay.

Mab. Like Pilgrims once a Year we'll mourning go,
And on her Urn sad Yew with Cypress throw,
And all our Stocks of Tears and Sighs bestow.

Han. For ever, brightest of thy Kind, farewell,
Who wert too worthy, therefore early fell.
As the young *Phoenix* does, in sacred Myrrh,
His Father's Dust to the Sun's Temple bear,
So in Fame's Houses shalt thou honour'd be,
And every God shall have a Grain of thee.

Mab. Since Glory she with her last Breath profess,
May wish'd Dominion widen all your Breast.

Han. Haste, haste, *Maberbal*, and fresh Levies make;
Honour that did but now calm Slumbers take,
Shall like the Ocean in a Tempest wake:
We'll pass new *Alps*, new Consuls overthrow,
To *Rome* with far more dreadful Armies go;
Forcing the *Appian* and *Emilian* way,
To the *Saburra* we'll pursue the Fray;
Nor stop till *Rosalinda's* Statue, crown'd,
Sits in the Capitol with Gods enthron'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Scipio, King Massinissa, Lælius, &c.

Scip. I grieve, brave Prince, so often to deny;
She must a Captive be, or we must die.

K. Mas. I know she must, if you will have it so;
But Pardon may be granted to a Foe:
O spare her then; as you would be forgiven
At your last Hour, when you prepare for Heaven.

Scip. Learn to ask Blessings; those you shall not want:
This is a Curse, which I can never grant.
Like one, who in a burning Fever lies,
And begs for Water, if he drinks, he dies:
I like a wise Physician, thwart your Will,
And vanquish your Distemper with my Skill.

K. Mas. For the Gods sake, for Friendship, Glory, Love,
By all that's good below, or blest above,
Let not at last my well-taught Courage droop;
Break not the Heart, which you have foster'd up.
Oh *Sophonisba*! — Give her to my Prayers,
To these fast rising Sighs, and falling Tears:
No other Crown I ask as Valour's due,
For all that I have done, or all that I shall do.
Lo, at your Knees behold a Monarch fall;
Yet more, your Friend, and then I have said all.

Scip. Let not your Passion Royalty degrade;
Rise, valiant Prince, I've thought of what you said;
And as your Friend, my Temper cannot keep,
Mourn your Misfortunes, and like you can weep;
Curse *Roman* Tyranny, and wish you were
For ever join'd with that unhappy Fair.

K. Mas. O you have blest me!

Scip. Massinissa, stay;
You only heard what Friendship bid me say:
But as *Rome's* Consul, and the Lord of Power,
I now command you never see her more,
Unless the View to her may fatal be;
This is my last immutable Decree.

K. Mas. Is your feign'd Pity come to this? your Tears
Falsier than those which *Egypt's* Monster wears?

Tyran-

Tyrannick *Rome* ! barb'rous are all thy Laws ;
 Have I for this, in thy accursed Cause,
 Starv'd Life, by lavishing her precious Food,
 My Spirits lost, emptied my dearest Blood,
 Fought till I Rampiers made of Bodies round ;
 So mark'd with Fate, that I appear'd one Wound,
 Yet rais'd thy bleeding Eagles from the Ground ?

Scip. Think no more on't ; her Memory forget.

K. Mas. Cut me to Atoms, tear my Soul out ; yet
 In every smallest Particle of me,
 You shall the Form of *Sophonisba* see :
 All like my Soul, and all in ev'ry Part ;
 Bath'd in my Eyes, and bleeding in my Heart.

Scip. *Lelius*, secure the Queen.

K. Mas. Stay, *Lelius*, stay ;
 I've done, my Lord, and will your Power obey :
 The Queen shall die, on a King's Word she shall ;
 She must a Victim for the Empire fall.
 How am I now ?

Scip. For *Sophonisba*'s Loss,
 Your Arms *Numidia*'s Empire shall engross.
 For your late Gallantry at *Zama* shown,
 Kind *Rome* presents you an Imperial Crown,
 Salutes you King. Now all your Grievs defy ;
 Thus we embrace thee as our brave Ally,
 Give your Grief Truce : thus prais'd and thus adorn'd,
 Let all the Beauties of the Earth be scorn'd. [Exit.]

K. Mas. Scorn'd be your Glory more, and *Roman* Pride,
 While I in Winding-sheets embrace my Bride.
 For 'tis decreed that we must never part,
 We'll be one Spirit, as we are now one Heart :
 Traverse the glitt'ring Chambers of the Sky,
 Born in a Cloud, in View of Fate I'll lie ;
 And press her Soul, while Gods stand wishing by.

Men. My Lord, If you would hear.

K. Mas. What canst thou say ?

Men. Reason's a Rebel when high Passions sway.

K. Mas. And such art thou ; yet speak, what shall I do ?
 Instruct me to be greatly false, or true.

Men. The Queen must die.

K. Mas.

K. Mas. Ha! must? no more.

Men. She to the Gods is given, or *Roman* Power.

K. Mas. Neither; she shall not die, nor shall she live
The *Romans* Slave; I'll give her a Reprieve.

Men. But how?

K. Mas. Why thus: I'll kill my self, kill thee,
Rome, Carthage, all the World; and then she shall live free.

Men. Glory or Beauty 'tis ordain'd you lose.

K. Mas. O *Rome*! O Heaven! both equally my Foes!
Was ever Heart thus miserably torn?

Were ever Woes like mine so calmly born?

From the Contagion of my Troubles take

As much as might the Spring a Winter make,

Freeze the hot Blood of a crown'd Conquerour,

Damp the wish'd Joys of a young bridal Pair;

Yet then I shall have more than Man can bear.

Men. When Virtue thus oppress'd Mankind does see,
What fearful dreaming Fool will pious be?

Martyrs no more shall Racks or Flames require,

Nor dying wish; but only Life desire,

To murder Priests, and Temples set on fire.

K. Mas. Why, ye immortal Gods, is all this care?

Why do you drive your Creatures to despair?

Had I upon my Throne sat King of Fears,

The Orphans wrong'd, or drunk the Widow's Tears;

Had I brav'd Heav'n by some outrageous Sin,

For these Afflictions there had reason been:

But 'tis all well, I no Injustice have;

The Gods but take the Being which they gave.

Menander, haste, two Bowls with Poison fill;

And, when I call, like Fate, come forth and kill.

Men. 'Tis a dread Deed to which you urge my Hand.

K. Mas. It's glorious too, dispute not my Command.

Men. I'll not presume to fathom your deep Thought;
But straight your Will shall by your Slave be wrought.

[Exit.]

K. Mas. Love and Ambition have their utmost done,
'Twas Love allur'd, Ambition led me on.

Like a rash Boy, who a steep Mountain climbs,

Big with brave Thoughts of reaching Heav'n betimes,

He

He puffs and blows, and mighty Pains he takes,
 Plies all his Strength, and much ado he makes;
 But having reach'd the Top, he views aloof
 The fancy'd Heav'n, and all the painted Roof;
 So did Ambition draw me with a Wile,
 And fleeting Love my tow'ring Hopes beguile. [Exit.

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. The Consul is return'd with Conquest crown'd;
 Triumphant Voices rend the echoing Ground,
 And to the Heav'ns the Trumpets Clangors sound;
 Yet I no News of *Massinissa* hear:
 Should he be slain, which I with Reason fear,
 Most lost of Women, desperate, undone,
 What could'st thou do? what Gods couldst thou atone?
 Abhor'd, thou must to angry *Rome* repair,
 And all the Cruelties of Bondage bear.
 No, *Sophonisba*, think what thou hast been,
 The Mistress of two Monarchs, twice a Queen.
 If thou must fall, bravely resign thy Breath,
 And be above the *Romans* in thy Death.

Enter King Massinissa.

Oh my lov'd Lord! are you then come at last?
 Are you alive? and do I hold you fast?

K. Mas. Best of thy Sex, and dearer than my Life,
 The fairest Mistress, and the gentlest Wife!
 So great and glorious, Emperors envy thee;
 And art so good that the Gods envy me.
 They sent thee here, but as an Angel Scout,
 With a short light'ning view, to gaze and out:
 Torments of Hell, and Racks of Destiny!
 Thou must, Oh that I live to speak it! die.

Soph. Blest Sound! we shall not then to *Rome* be led;
 But solemn Triumphs have in Honour's Bed.
 This last Alarm my drooping Spirits cheers,
 As when the Warriour his lov'd Trumpet hears,
 His martial Blood begins to warm apace,
 And boils, and flushes in his kindling Face,
 And much he longs to strive in Glory's Race.

}
 Speak

Hannibal's Overthrow.

71

Speak Death again, my Guard and sure Defence ;
It bears a mighty Sound, and mighty Sense.

K. Mas. O keep thee there, now while thy Virtues glow,
And dart Divinity, I'll give the Blow,
Come forth, *Menander*, with those fatal Bowls,
Whose Juice, tho' it the Body's Force controuls,
Revives the Mind, and slakes the Thirst of Souls. }

Enter Menander, with two Bowls.

Give me the Draught.

Soph. What means my Royal Love? }

K. Mas. By your bright self, by all the Pow'rs above, }
No Angels Eloquence my Soul shall move. }
To die with thee, and thy dear Honour save; }
What greater Glory could th' Ambitious have? }
'Twill build a Palace for me in the Grave. }
Not but that in the Agonies of Breath,
I tremble when I think upon thy Death.

Soph. Thou best of Men, whose Fame where'er it flies,
Shall draw up bleeding Hearts, and weeping Eyes,
Let not your Soul tremble for me ; for I
Can fear no Torment, but to see you die.

K. Mas. Then cheerfully let's go : here's to my Love,
And to our meeting with the Blest above. [Drinks]

Soph. Give me the Bowl, mark if my Hand does shake,
Or the fresh springing Blood my Lips forsake ;
Undaunted to my Lips the Draught I lift,
'Tis to my Lord, this is his Nuptial Gift. [Drinks]

K. Mas. *Menander*, faithful Confident, farewell,
Haste, and our Story to the Consul tell.

On thy Allegiance go without Reply,
Thou shouldst rejoice to see me bravely die. [Exit Men.
How fares my only Love ? my first, last Dear !
The Sweets of thousand Springs are blowing here.
All in thy Sighs !

Soph. Ah ! give your Kindness o'er,
Or we shall live and feel the *Roman* Pow'r.
Methought Death touch'd me with a chilling Pain ;
But your warm Kisses shot thro' every Vein
A kinder Heat, and kindled Life again. }

K. Mas.

K. Mas. Thus let us launch into Eternity :
Sink in Death's bottomless and boundless Sea :
Like drowning Friends, link'd in Embraces fast,
Our Arms, Love's Nets, about each other cast.

Soph. What could long Life, or Empire give like this ?

K. Mas. Thy Love is Empire and eternal Bliss.

Soph. I go, where shall we meet ? [Dies.]

K. Mas. The Gods can tell ;
Heaven's Peace, and golden Slumbers with thee dwell. [Dies.]

Enter Scipio, Lelius, and Menander.

Men. See there, great Sir, th' Effects of your rash Doom,
The Victims you have offer'd up to Rome.

Lel. What cruel Eyes could Pity here refrain,
Beholding two such royal Lovers slain ?

Scip. These unexpected Objects so amaze
My Reason, I could ever on 'em gaze.
Since thou, most great and lovely Prince, art dead,
War's Marches *Scipio* shall no longer tread :
With *Carthage* Peace we'll instantly conclude,
Which, hadst thou liv'd, our Arms might have subdu'd ;
To *Rome* our drooping Eagle then shall steer,
Where after tiresome Honours, we'll repair
To some small Village, *Lelius*, thou and I,
And study not to live, but how to die.

